

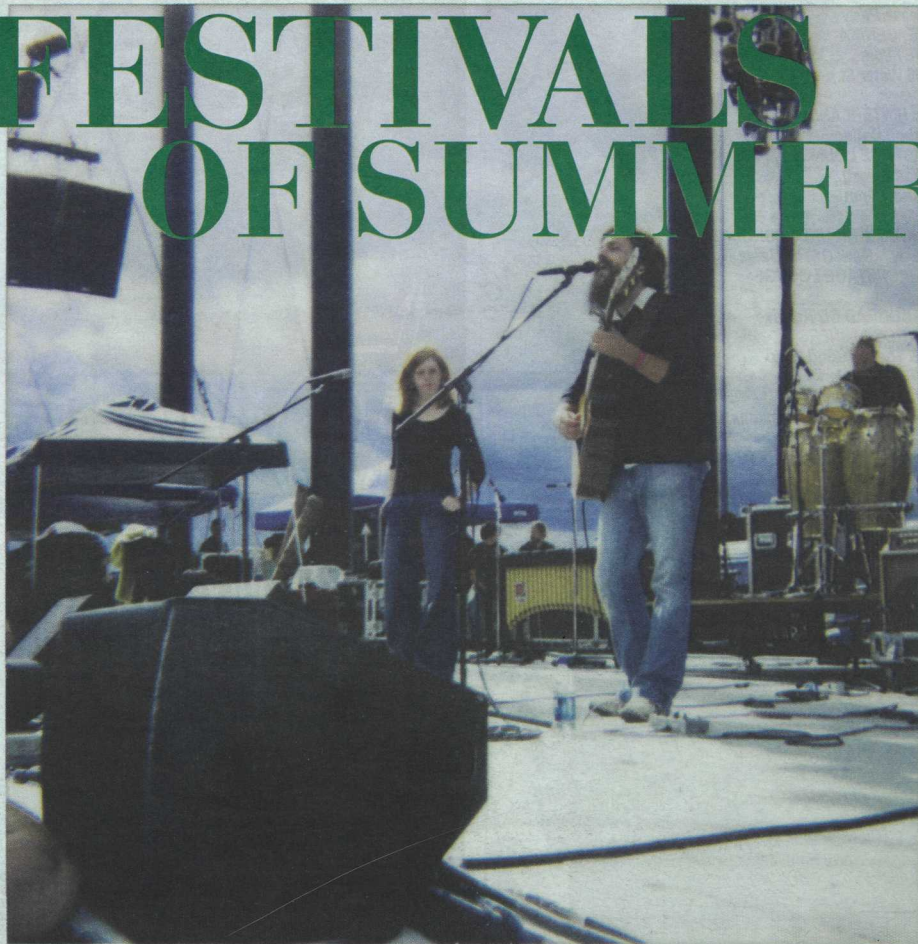
diScord & R

July 2006

That newspaper magazine from CTR 101.9 FM

Free

FESTIVALS OF SUMMER



SASQUATCH, MUSIC WASTE, NXNE, MR LIF,
JUANA MOLINA, PEACHES, & FAN FICTION

Thu July 6th:
 AU4 CD Release Party
 w/ SINEWAVE, GENIKA
 + PHONTAINE / 8pm
 @ SONAR (66 Water St.)

Thu July 6th: HINTERLAND,
 BELLA + Carbon Dating Service
 @ The BACKSTAGE LOUNGE
 (1585 Johnston Street)
 Granville Island / 9pm

Fri July 7th: KARMETIK UNDERGROUND,
 Orchid Highway + Mark Of The Beats
 9pm @ The BACKSTAGE LOUNGE

Sat July 8th: CONRAD CD Release
 w/ The HARD ROCK MINERS,
 Billy Bones & The No Good Loud
 Mouth Back Stabbing Jerks
 + Stephen Hedley / 8:30pm
 @ The RAILWAY CLUB (579 Dunsmuir)

Sat July 15th: The KITCHEN and
 The ALEX MAHER BAND
 9pm @ The MEDIA CLUB (695 Cambie)

Fri July 21st: HEY OCEAN! The FURIOS
 Cheek + Seven O'Clock Scandal
 8pm @ The LAMPLIGHTER (210 Abbott Street)

Sat July 22nd: SUPERBEING Tour Kick-Off Party
 w/ Jeff Johnson + guests / 9pm @ MEDIA CLUB

Fri July 28th: LIONS IN THE STREET
 + guests 8pm @ The LAMPLIGHTER
 (210 Abbott St.)

Fri July 28th: MOTION SOUNDTRACK,
 WHITFIELD + DOUBTING PARIS
 8pm @ The MEDIA CLUB (695 Cambie)

Sat July 29th: SHUKOV + ELIAS
 Double CD Release Party w/ In Media Res
 9pm @ The BACKSTAGE LOUNGE

COMING SOON:

- Sat Aug 12th The FEBRUARYS, Orchid Highway, Fields to Flood + Elias
 @ the Media Club
- Sat Aug 19th Fight Cancer Benefit w/ DJ TEGAN (of Tegan & Sara), The Flairs
 + more @ the Lamplighter
- Sat Aug 19th FOUNDATION EP Release Party @ the Backstage Lounge

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 Vancouver
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JULY 6th
 Logan's Tavern
 Victoria
 w/ DAVID P. SMITH

Canadian Tour this summer

DISCORDER

JULY 2006

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY MELANIE COLES

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the Gentle Art of Editing

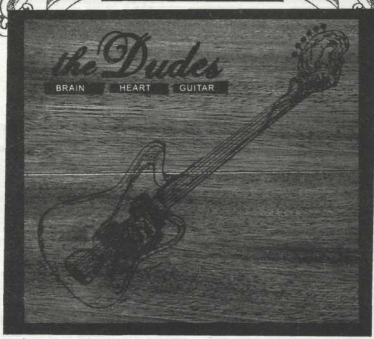
WHENEVER I SIT DOWN to write my editorial I feel like I'm composing an acceptance speech for the Grammys. It's a delicate balance to strike, trying to adequately thank all the kind folks that help pull the magazine together, and still have a few sound bite-worthy bits for Entertainment Tonight. Of course my parents, who've made this all possible, simply must be mentioned, but I fear if I start listing off names you'll be tempted to change the channel and pick up a stray copy of 24 Hours instead. I imagine Grammy winners go through the same gut-wrenching process the eve before their big night. But when their name finally gets called, all that meticulous speech preparation goes out the window, and they all reach for the sweaty napkin with the directed list of thank-yous.

The night before everything is sealed up, pdf'd and sent to the printer is an emotional time for us here at *Discorder* too. While this month has featured the usual laughs and occasional hysterics, the most prominent feeling in my text-addled brain right now is plain and simple fatigue. We've been cooped up for days while the air outside is hot and thick as molasses, and I've come down with some ungodly variety of the whooping cough to boot. Plus my serotonin levels have been at an all-time low ever since the Netherlands lost in that tragic match with Portugal (Hup, Holland,

hup...). It is in this vulnerable emotional state that I find my grandiose plans for this little block of text slipping away, and my need to thank our lovely magazine staff growing ever stronger. So big up to the production crew, for sticking out the unreasonable hours and creating a beautiful issue out of chaos. Much appreciation to all who contributed text, even if it didn't find its way into print this month. Thanks to the loyal proofreaders, and the attendees of the emergency strategy session the night before final deadline. Finally, a hearty pat on the back to everyone that helped out with our guerrilla distribution plan this month.

Taking a page from the book of Bono, no Grammy speech/editorial is complete without a mention of social activism or progressive politics. I leave you this month with a call for everyone to inform themselves about the impending Gateway Project; if more pavement doesn't strike you as a good solution to the Lower Mainland's transportation woes, then make your dissent heard! Jane Jacobs and a group of concerned citizens halted the Spadina Expressway in Toronto, and we can foil Kevin Falcon's short-sighted plan here too. Check out www.stophighwayexpansion.ca to learn more, or visit www.thedemos.ca and tell your MP how you feel about fossil fools.

David Ravensbergen, Editor
discordered@gmail.com



The Dudes: Brain Heart Guitar

the Dudes
BRAIN HEART GUITAR

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EATER'S DIGEST

Coral Short

Rime

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RIME, THE BEST TURKISH RESTAURANT in town, doubles as a wonderfully supportive live music venue, allowing bands to play without charging them for the space or taking any of their money at the door. They don't treat their diners too poorly either. My date and I are seated at the back of the dim restaurant with a lovely carpet hanging behind us, surveying the room filled with candle-lit tables and soft dark pillows on comfortable couches and chairs. My fellow eater this month, Miss Emily Beamer, proceeds to order a mojito, which she exclaims several times is the best she has ever ordered. For aspiring bartenders, mojitos are composed of crushed mint, sugar, lime juice, light rum and club soda, and mix well with patios and sunshine.

We start off with some Cacik, the waitress's suggestion for the hot first day of summer. The creamy yogurt with diced cucumber, dried mint and sumac keeps us riding high on the mint train, and along the way we discover that the Turks actually invented yogurt. I always knew that tulips originally hail from Turkey, but the yogurt fact comes as a revelation. The food itself is a sensual epiphany—a zesty, smooth, cool cucumber dip that comes with the perfect proportion of pita. We almost have that polished off when our hot starter arrives, which unfortunately is not as gobsmackingly good. We were all fresh and perky from the first appetizer, but the second

item, the Sigara Boregi, just brings us down. The mild feta with black sesame seeds in a spring roll-like wrap is just too greasy, and the pomegranate sauce fails to live up to its Persephone reputation.

However, the service is charming and beautiful, the atmosphere enchanting, my date fabulous, and the mains arrive to the appetizing sounds of a live jazz trio. Upon consulting with the well-informed waitress, I opt for the Karnibahar Graten, and Emily has the Iskender Soslur Bursu Kebap. These fanciful names require a bit of an explanation, so let me break it down for you. The Karnibahar Graten is described as cauliflower baked in a béchamel sauce (which is just a fancy word for white sauce), topped with cheese. It turns out to be soft cauliflower absolutely immersed in spicy, ultra-creamy cheese. Emily's dish translates as chunks of tenderloin kebab in Alexander sauce, a rich and tasty clam/shrimp sauce. Emily declares the kebabs to be delectably tender, and the sauce "lovely and peppery."

The evening nearly ends in disaster, as Emily, clad in her new beautiful white summer dress, leans into her steak by accident, smothering sauce all over her nice rack. But even the stains can't ruin the mood—the whole place is an aphrodisiac. Wine and dine your date here, stare into their cupid-like eyes and there will be a delightful party indeed.



RIFF RAFF

Bryce Dunn



RAISED BY WOLVES
SUDDEN INFANT DEATH SYNDROME
THE FUCKING MACHINES
DEPARTMENT OF TOURISM

GREETINGS, VINYL CONNOISSEURS, AND WELCOME to the all-Canadian edition of Riff Raff. Join us as we traverse the tundra, parade through the Prairies and land on Maritime shores in our coverage of phonographic excellence from coast to coast. Sorry to sound all Tommy Douglas on ya, but we here at RR central get pretty excited when we can unapologetically endorse our homegrown talent. Beginning on home turf of course with **Raised by Wolves**, three cuts recorded in "Howl-O-Phonic" sound from an older batch of recordings gave a new seven inch. These cats break down in tornado-like fashion with their call-to-arms theme song, "Raised by Wolves," then proceed to "Burn It All Down" with a huff and a puff and some hot twin guitar action: "Caveman Stomp" on the flip does exactly what it says, and would make any Neanderthal shake and shimmy to the garage beat.

(Zaxxon Records, www.zaxxonrecords.com)

Just over the Rockies in Calgary is a new dance-punk phenomenon known as **Sudden Infant Death Syndrome**. No babies were harmed in the making of their debut 7" platter, but after spazzing out to the five tracks on this EP, it's definitely gonna leave a mark. Each of the tracks has a slightly different take on the new wave of New Wave, so it keeps things interesting. From the barely 40-second shout-along of "(Who You Gonna Take to the Prom)," with its manic drumming and crash-bang keyboard clang, to copping a page from **The Blood Brothers** songbook on "Dr. Awkward," with its choppy guitar and helium-induced vocals, there's plenty bounce for the ounce here. The kids are hot tonight, whoa, so hot tonight, but where will they be tomorrow? Probably dancing up a storm to SIDS. (This is DIY, kids, so order it from

myspace.com/suddeninfant).

Over the fields we go, we go to Ontario, and the capital city of Ottawa for **The Fucking Machines**. These guys are pissed off, and for good reason—somebody stole their quarter! And they named their EP after this discouraging event! And it takes two singers to tell you! Musically, these guys worship at the altar of **Black Flag** and make no apologies for it—the five songs laid down here are short, fast and loud. 'Nuff said. (Last Drag Records, www.lastdragrecords.com).

Finishing up in Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Department of Tourism, Culture and Heritage has some 'plaining to do with their split single ambassadors **Gilbert Switzer** and **The Hold**. Travellers from abroad will be shocked to learn that this is not **Great Big Sea** or whatever Celtic banner Nova Scotians want to use to welcome you:

these are the bands **Barb Simpson** would have used to piss off the non-locals like he did in that famous episode. Gilbert Switzer are noisy and bratty punk, like early nineties bands **Cows** or **God Bullies** from the An Reg stable, and **The Hold** are angry young men and women who sound like a cross between **Crass** and **Submission Hold**, speaking about the vices of alcohol, crime and being oppressed by "the man." Certainly not the majestic picture one would paint of the wonderful Maritime province, but then again, there's something good brewing over there other than beer and its worth checking out. (Divorce Records, 2687 Fuller Terrace Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 3V9).



CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

The Transformative Vision of Bela Tarr



DO YOU EVER WONDER WHERE the Antonionis, the Tarkovskys, the Bergmans, and the Cassavetes of today live? It is the reason that there seem to be no heirs to these filmmakers that there are actually no auteurs who are producing sufficiently morally and aesthetically ambitious works to fill such sizeable shoes? Or are there great filmmakers currently active who are simply not being widely talked about?

For whatever reason, Hungarian filmmaker Bela Tarr, currently at work on his ninth feature, is only just beginning to get the recognition he merits. Though he is compared to those critics who triumph his work, like the late Susan Sontag or the Chicago Reader's Jonathan Rosenbaum, to Cassavetes, Antonioni, and Tarkovsky, most people I mention him to draw a blank. I'll be projecting from DVD what is generally regarded as Tarr's masterpiece, *Werckmeister Harmonies* (2000) at Blim on July 21st (www.blim.ca). His other masterwork, *Satantango*, which won the Caligari Film Prize at the 1994

Berlin International Film Festival, is 7 hours long and currently only available in a somewhat inferior and, for me, unwatchable bootleg DVD. Facets are working on an official, multi-disc release as of this writing. I'm not thrilled with Facets' presentation of Tarr's work—DVDs are without extras and have non-removable subtitles—but since they are at least making his films available, it seemed an ideal time to write about him.

It may already seem odd to compare a filmmaker to both Cassavetes and Tarkovsky, two filmmakers who could not be more different. This is because, generally speaking, Tarr's work falls into two distinct periods. When he was a young filmmaker in socialist Hungary, his primary concern was to depict the bleak social conditions around him. *The Profane People* (1982) is generally regarded as the best of these films, and focuses on two people trapped in an unhappy relationship. Like Cassavetes' *Faces*, it's filmed in black and white, using a rough-hewn, hand-held

IS CINEMA FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, AND IS YOUR SOUL HUNGRY?

aesthetic. Like *Faces*, the film doesn't wince at showing us its characters at their most pathetic and embarrassing, and individual scenes carry on far beyond the point where the audience starts to squirm. Our self-perceptions end up being affected, since we can't help but recognize ourselves on screen. The film isn't as powerful as *Faces*—in the end, it seems a rather "small" film, though admirable and effective—but the comparison to Cassavetes is worthy. (So is comparison to the work of British social realist filmmaker Ken Loach, though Loach's politics might sit ill with Tarr, for whom life in socialist Hungary was by no means a worker's paradise).

Starting with 1988's *Damnation*, however, things began to change. The gritty, verité style is replaced with something more composed and poetic, and individual shots begin to extend to great lengths, with Tarr's camera tracking through elaborately choreographed scenes in single takes. (Those familiar with Gus van Sant's later works might note that van Sant is imitating Tarr, though to no great effect). *Werckmeister Harmonies*, which lasts for 145 minutes, is comprised of a mere 39 shots. The longest of those, the opening sequence—in which the philosophically-minded naïf Valushka directs the drunks in a bar in a dance meant to illustrate the motions of the sun, the earth, and the moon—lasts for eleven minutes, a constraint imposed on Tarr by the fact that that's how long Kodak's rolls of film are. The slow, dreamlike black and white camerawork has a hypnotizing effect on the viewer.

Werckmeister Harmonies and *Satantango* were both made after the fall of socialism in Hungary.

Both based on novels by Laszlo Karsznahorkai, which Tarr's partner, Agnes Hranitzky, helped adapt, the sheer beauty of the cinematography and the metaphysical scope of Tarr's project truly do make the films Tarkovskian (an adjective often mis-applied to any art film from the former socialist bloc, but quite fitting here). Tarr shows a universe out of order, where people are drawn into chaos and conflict for lack of a spiritual centre, and odd events—such as the arrival of a preserved whale in a truck, in *Werckmeister Harmonies*—take on a bizarre and resonant meaning. Tarr is reluctant to discuss the meaning of his work, but even if one fails to fully understand what his films are "about," one cannot but be overwhelmed by their images. The opening tracking shot in *Satantango*, of cows wandering around a field, is one of the most affecting images I've seen, though why it should be so is in fact somewhat puzzling to me. Tarr's films teach a new way of seeing to those who engage with them, which places him in good company with the greats of European filmmaking of the 1960s and 70s.

Tarr's next film, *The Man from London*, was adapted for Tarr by Karsznahorkai from Georges Simenon's thriller. The story of this film, the initial shoot of which was interrupted when the producer committed suicide, makes for a bizarre read, but I'll direct those interested to IMDB for more. Meanwhile, come to Blim on the 21st for *Werckmeister Harmonies*. Tarr's films should be seen projected, even if off DVD.



STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan

THREE ONE-EYED SHREWS OF FATE, SUMMER OF MALICK

THREE ONE-EYED SHREWS OF FATE

The Ayden Gallery
Friday June 16

CLOTHING DESIGNERS AND CHOREOGRAPHERS HAVE always done business with each other. After all, fashion shows need some degree of choreography, and dance works usually require costuming. What this event attempted, however, was a much deeper kind of collaboration—dance and fashion arts so mutually embedded that no one was a hired gun.

The show's title references Greek mythology's Three Fates: Clotho who spins the thread of life; Lachesis who determines its length; and Atropos who cuts it off—kind of the ultimate stitch-and-bitch. Though the works presented weren't always tied to the theme, a mood of ritual and fantasy prevailed.

The evening began with salon-like class as soprano Christine Bühr performed an aria from Puccini's *La Bohème*. In the pieces that followed, contemporary dancers animated garments that, for the most part, are only found in role-play and dreamlife. A pity, because some of this clober was gorgeous—layers and wraps, slits and pouches, tunics and tulle. We should all dress like this more often.

In "What to Do?", choreographer Holly Holt and her two dancers blindfolded themselves before

beginning a series of moves that riffed on the spirals and contractions of Martha Graham. Their sense of space was acute, as they ended like the same spots as they began. Ronny Lake's "When Crucifer Fell from the Sky" was rocked by a major wardrobe malfunction when a stretchy top sprang underneath a dancer's breasts. Leaving aside the question of why the garment wasn't road tested at rehearsal, it was interesting to note that it was a much better fit where it landed. To the performers' credit, nobody missed a beat of the mercilessly bouncy choreography. Deb Head worked the fate idea in a more literal way with "Prognostications," in which dancer Julia Carr recited weather reports and distributed scratch-and-win tickets while executing technically precise movements. Carr danced flawlessly, taming Monica Strehike's prom queen gown like a highly-strung debutante, but the piece felt somewhat forced and pretentious.

On a couple of occasions, the programme was punctuated by burlesque winks at the catwalk as "collections" were strutted out. My favourite was designer Tyr Jami's vampy, lolly-sucking assortment of slaps in ripped tights. Jami also costumed Lisa Gough's charming "The Dwarf, the Rose and the Swallow." Beautifully choreographed and cheekily performed, it featured a trio of historically punky characters who filled the space like elegant drunks. Kris Mitchel's music collage—

particularly the Elizabethan stuff—worked a treat.

But it was with the last offering that we saw the show's goal fully realized. In "The Dreamers," Gretchen Blaser's garments were not merely what the dancers wore. They were part of a subtle narrative and integral to Kristine Richmond's choreography. Exquisite flaps at the hips of skirts opened to reveal tiny embroidered worlds that were displayed to the audience. At times, the performers seemed to be peeling back layers of their own skin. Set to the music of Sigur Ros, it was an eerie and provocative watch.

Music duo Chunks & Doosley rounded out the night with a short set that was extremely funky and tight, though it was odd to see a guy tolling righteously on baritone sax while his partner sat grooving away to the sounds coming out of his laptop.

The Ayden is an ideal venue for blending indie fashion with performance. Along with sculpture and two-dimensional art, the gallery sells clothing by many of the shows' designers. Its setting in the strange wasteland of International Village gives it a desirable quality that's starting to work in its favour.

THE PLUGHOLE

There are some good reasons for tearing



Days of Heaven

yourself away from the gorgeousness of summer evenings to sit in a big, dark room. They're called films, and provided you choose them well, you'll be fine. Besides, retrospectives—a summer staple of art house cinemas—are a great way to catch up on things you missed, buff up your film history or experience the cult hits of other generations, often in spanking new prints.

This month's hands-down recommendation is a serving of Terrence Malick, perhaps best known for his 1973 debut, *Badlands*, in which a murderous teenage couple (Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek) goes on the lam. Consistent of only four films, with the second and third separated by 20 years, Malick's is a curious body of work. His existential war film, 1998's *The Thin Red Line* may be more relevant than ever, while last year's critically divided and theatrically short-lived *The New World* is up for re-evaluation. The greatest treasure, though, has to be *Days of Heaven*, his sophomore film from 1978. The first time I caught this was on a crappy black and white television and I could still hardly believe the slow, gonad-grabbing beauty of what I was seeing.

Summer of Malick plays the Vancity Theatre from July 14-18. Call 604-683-3456 or visit www.vjfc.org for times.



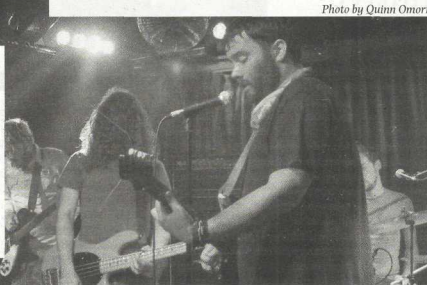
MIXTAPE

Ladyhawk

SINCE THE SPRING OF 2004, DUFFY DREIDIGER AND HIS BAND of hairy men have been peddling their brand of backyard rock in sweaty venues all over Vancouver. The perfect soundtrack to shotgunning Pilsners, the Ladyhawk sound can now be taken out of the bar and into your bedroom with the release of their self-titled debut. We asked them to compose this month's mixtape, and the following list eventually trickled into our inbox. No doubt hangovers and an upcoming North American tour got in the way of any further description, but we can only assume that they enjoy these songs.

Photo by Quinn Omori

1. Light: Look at Your Sun | Ash Ra Tempel
2. Slow Death | The Flamin' Groovies
3. Morning Dew | Grateful Dead
4. Bertha | Grateful Dead
5. Penetration | Iggy & The Stooges
6. The Freezing Moon (live) | Mayhem
7. Salmon Falls | Harry Nilsson
8. Darling Nikki | Prince
9. Witch Queen of New Orleans | Redbone
10. Breathing Now | Wonderboy
11. Stranglehold | Ted Nugent
12. Blue Sky Mine | Midnight Oil
13. Here is the House | Depeche Mode
14. I Am the Resurrection | The Stone Roses
15. Got to Give It Up | Thin Lizzy
16. The Things I Do for Money | The Northern Pikes
17. The Man in Me | Bob Dylan
18. Effigy | Creedence Clearwater Revival
19. The Dark Ages | S.T.R.E.E.T.S
20. Ophelia | The Band
21. Kill the King | Rainbow



SPECTRES OF DISCORD

by Kat Siddle

July Never Seemed So Same



a;GRUMH split up shortly after the *Discorder* interview appeared, but the band re-united under the name *BRONSKI BEAT* and released an LP, *Extrajudy*, in 2004.

LOOKING OVER OLD ISSUES of that magazine from CTR 101.9fm gives me a funny feeling sometimes, like the past captured in those yellowing newspaper pages really isn't very distant at all.

This morning, I woke up to CBC radio and a discussion of the gay marriage debate in Canada. The program was "The Contrarians," a show that focuses on unpopular opinions and unconventional ideas. Today's unconventional notion? Apparently, some gay people don't want to get married. I lay in bed listening to people debate the merit of marriage in any variation until I gathered the strength to heave my corpse off the mattress and into the shower. After I'd caffeinated myself to a semblance of life, I made my way to UBC to leaf through the *Discorder* Archives at CTR.

When I'm going through the archives, I'm always surprised by the number of names I recognize. After all, I didn't gain any sort of

cultural consciousness until 1995 at the earliest. But I can almost always find a few bands I know, or *Discorder* writers I remember. Today, the words "Bronski Beat" brought me to this month's Spectre of Discorder: Lloyd Uliana's interview with SO3, the synth and guitar player for the Belgian gay industrial group a;GRUMH (July 1990). I read the following excerpt with something like déjà vu:

Discorder: Right wing homophobia and AIDS hysteria have pushed the topic of legalised homosexual marriage to the forefront in North America... What are your views on homosexual marriage?

SO3: I don't care personally about weddings and marriage. I don't see why I should ask permission, authorisation or any kind of regulation about my decision to live with somebody or not to live with somebody... Of course, homosexual people living together should have the same rights as heterosexual

people living together but this has nothing to do with marriage in itself.

Uliana goes on to mention a few other bands: Bronski Beat, as I mentioned, Ministry and Vancouver's own Front Line Assembly. This gave me another start—has anyone else noticed the posters for Front Line Assembly currently plastered all over Commercial Drive? Because the continued gay marriage debate and apparent resurgence of local industrial acts, it seems like not much has changed in the 16 years between the July '90 issue and this one. I told myself that I was only eight when the 1990 issue came out. I'm too young to feel *Discorder* déjà vu. And yet...

It's pretty much the same trippy feeling I get from reading Phillip K. Dick. His sci-fi visions of the future—surveillance technology, totalitarian states and corporate agendas—have remained compelling because they still feel conceivable.

But some small details stick out and ring false: a character in the distant future gets out of a hovercar to use a phone booth, or types a message on a typewriter. Typewriters and phone booths? Alongside rocket ships and laser guns? These details are sometimes the only thing that reminds me that these stories were written decades ago. They leap out like ancient artifacts in an otherwise familiar landscape.

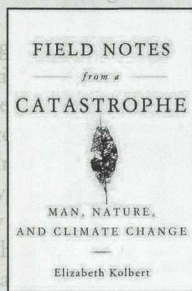
Old issues of *Discorder* read much the same way. The cultural landscape seems almost the same: the same points are made in the same debate I woke up to this morning, the same band names recirculate. Only the details change. Instead of phone-booths and typewriters, we have compact discs (not CDs) and cassettes, and full-page ads for the most cutting-edge Walkman that money can buy.

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

Field Notes from a Catastrophe, Bound by Law? Tales from the Public Domain, Drawn & Quarterly Showcase, Mome

Field Notes from a Catastrophe

by Elizabeth Kolbert



voice of Arnold Schwarzenegger who, before signing a Kyoto-like order to reduce carbon emissions in California, declared "I say the debate is over."

Field Notes from a Catastrophe is a roving reporter, which travels to places like Sarichef Island, Alaska, where an Inupiat village is set to be relocated due to late-freezing, early-melting sea ice, or to Wistow, England, where the *Polignia e-album*, known as the Comma, has recently shifted its range north along with twenty-one other species of butterfly. Besides taking pains to cement the long history and current consensus of climatology, the book highlights the areas of the world most sensitive to climate change, as well as research on 'feedbacks' in the climate system, such as the lost reflectivity of polar ice, which will amplify the already major climatic shifts of our Anthropocene.

Written by Elizabeth Kolbert, a former New York Times reporter, the book began, like *Silent Spring*, as a series of articles for the New Yorker magazine. Kolbert writes with the same sober wit as the Russian permafrost expert who shows her cracked houses and "drunk" trees in Fairbanks, Alaska, where a network of thermokarsts, or wedge-shaped holes left by melted permafrost, has sent the trees careening. "These trees are very drunk," he says, when they come across some fallen spruces.

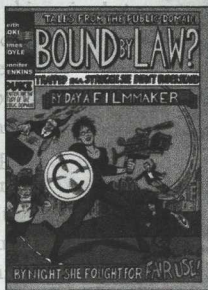
Stacked against Tim Flannery's *The Weather Makers*, *Field Notes* is a primer on climate change, without Flannery's relentless optimism and direct exhortations to again take up the rally *Silent Spring* started for the late generation. Kolbert, who reported on U.S. politics for fourteen years, also details the scuttling Kyoto and its successors, as well as the talking-points haze induced by PR officials who have the job of explaining the environmental policy of Bush-Cheney. She takes a balanced, realist's view of global politics via a vis climate change, and takes time to note positive examples, such as the city of Burlington, Vermont, where council decided to jump ahead of the federal government and reduce greenhouse gas emissions by 10 percent.

Flannery and Kolbert both point out how hurricane Katrina seemed finally to personalize the potential effect of global warming for many of the naysayers (in Canada, we have Hains Island and the strange, happy prospect of sovereignty over new arctic shipping lanes). There are many other, more succinct examples of climate change around the globe. In the Netherlands, a \$349 million plan is underway to flood land that was painfully reclaimed from the sea, in order to allow rivers to swell in the new local climate where rainfall will increase dramatically. *Field Notes from a Catastrophe* takes readers to several such flashpoints and concludes that so far, ours is an advanced society in the process of destroying itself.

Andy Hudson

Bound by Law? Tales from the Public Domain

by Keith Aoki, James Boyle and Jennifer Jenkins
Duke Center for the Study of the Public Domain



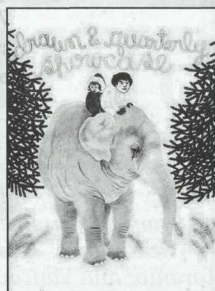
Why are the documentary makers of 2006 taking precautions that were barely a consideration before? As Aoki navigates the basics of intellectual property law, two savvy law pros explain fair use, copyright culture, and the public domain.

Bound by Law? isn't perfect—it can be a little hard to read, visually speaking, and Keith Aoki's illustrations aren't my favorite. But it's way more fun than an academic article, and not many people offer up this stuff in plain language. Thank you, Duke Law School, for bridging the gap! As digital technology makes it easier and easier to produce and distribute art, knowing an artist's rights is a huge priority for every artist and culture critic. Even if you never branch into the further reading listed in its back pages, nor visit its recommended websites, *Bound by Law?* is a quirky comic well worth reading.

Kat Siddall

Inkstud

Drawn & Quarterly Showcase, Mome



the aptly titled, *Drawn & Quarterly Showcase*.

I picked up *Mome* on a lark, having recognized a handful of the names inside, though most were unfamiliar. Designed by a notable scribbler, Jordan Crane, each edition has a strongly stylized design which makes each *Mome* appear to be one in a series of art books, rather than just another comic. Two of the well-knowns in *Mome* are Jeffery Brown and Sophie Crumb (daughter of Robert and Aline Kominsky-Crumb). Their contributions are pretty much on par with their respective acclaim, and *Mome* is well worth the purchase for

their works alone.

One of the artists *Mome* exposed me to is Jonathan Bennett, and I've since been a devoted fan. His work is reminiscent of Adrian Tomine and Richard Tommaso, but his writing and storytelling maintains such a strength of its own that Bennett will be a big name once he has a larger body of work to perse. His tales reflect a certain loneliness, but rather than falling into easy traps of self-loathing and isolation, his stories open an internal dialogue which is both artistic and philosophical.

Along with Jeffery Brown, Paul Horrischemeyer and Anders Nilén are members of the Chicago-based artists' coalition, The Holy Consumption. Both contribute to *Mome* and both push sequential boundaries. Nilén's *Mome* contributions hold an odd conversation with readers, in which he breaks down the fourth wall. He uses sparsely drawn characters to tell an original narrative which could stand well enough on its dialogue, but is nicely accented by Nilén's fine draftsmanship. Normally, Nilén's art is very detailed and meticulously rendered, but here his experiment in storytelling shows a security in his art.

Horrischemeyer's ongoing *Mome* series, "Life with Mr. Dangerous," is an engaging story about the sadness and solitude faced by a young lady alone on her birthday. "Life with Mr. Dangerous" seems in tune with the work of Chris Ware, but Horrischemeyer is able to infuse it with his own style and to create an accessible character who speaks to readers on a personal level.

True to name, the *Drawn & Quarterly Showcase* showcases really new, exciting, international talent—work which would be otherwise nearly impossible to find. Each book features three artists of distinct styles, creating an annual compendium of comic sure to intrigue nearly every reader.

Some stand-outs include Sammy Harkham, Genevieve Elverum, Jeffery Brown, and Peniti Otsamo.

Sammy Harkham is the creator and curator of the masterful Kramers Ergot collection of fine comic. In *Drawn & Quarterly* he pieces together touching, personal stories reminiscent of Chester Brown and Jordan Crane. Crane's work achieves a certain dream-state quality,

while Harkham spins his tale of midsummer tedium and sadness in a similarly smooth, lush style, using minimal coloring to reflect the mood of the piece. Entitled "Somersaulting," the piece is a coming of age story about a group of friends dealing with tragedy and budding relationships in their melancholy and awkward years. This is the only work by Harkham I've read, but after this I'll need to hunt more down.

Genevieve Elverum has published small press editions of her work, mostly in French or without any dialogue at all; her art can carry itself on its own strength, being so rich and moving. Elverum's contribution is a surreal drama titled "We're Wolf," in which she illustrates the weird mating practices of a cute elfish couple who are secluded away in a very snowy, Canadianesque mountain range—a Great North which evokes whimsy and wonderment. Elverum is one of the most compelling new talents to crop up in Canada, and she will definitely be one to watch for once her work is easier to come by.

Both these anthologies are well worth checking out. I could go on about the other amazing artists collected in them, but this shortlist speaks for itself. For more information on the comic out there, listen to the Inkstud shows, every Thursday at 2pm on CTR. And don't forget to subscribe to our podcasts at www.crowmmission.com/ Inkstud for interviews with some of the artists mentioned above.

Robin McConnell





Sasquatch 2006, The Gorge Photo by Quinn Omori



FESTIVALS OF SUMMER

Over the next few pages you'll find reports, anecdotes and downright lies from the **Sasquatch Festival**, May 26-28 at The Gorge in Washington; **North by Northeast**, June 8-10 throughout Toronto; and Vancouver's own **Music Waste**, June 1-4 in the lovely Downtown Eastside. If it's objective reporting you're after, We suggest you stick to the photographs, but if you don't mind a little individual interpretation, enjoy our madcap tour around the festival circuit.

No disrespect to the bands, because the weekend's lineup was a formidable one; literally something for everyone. But it was Mother Nature that would stand as the festival's most memorable performer.

SASQUATCH

Band of Horses Wipes It



Photo by Erin Alrd



Omori



a little thunder started to shout down her powerful pipes. At first, the few rolling claps were only followed by a smattering of rain, but shortly after the skies opened up and unleashed a torrent of the most ridiculous hail I've ever seen. I say "ridiculous," because, in all honesty, people were giggling about the marble sized balls of ice at first—until we realized it wasn't about to stop. The band persevered for one more song before Neko gave a helpless smile and quipped, "We'll be right back." She never returned to the water-logged stage. In fact, the 25-minute downpour ended up producing a two hour delay on the main stage, and the only cancellations due to inclement weather in the more than two decade history of the Gorge, effectively killing the side stages for the day.

Getting soaking wet is never fun, but in retrospect, the freakish precipitation really added to the event. Strangers held hands and splashed about in the formidably deep puddles. Dudes who had clearly had one too many overpriced tall boys slid down the muddy hills to the exuberant cheers of onlookers. A group of people huddled under a smuggled-in tarp near the main stage. A smaller group under the same tarp offered to share their blow, which they were snorting right out of the plastic bag (I declined). At one point, I found myself crammed into a port-a-potty with three strangers (from Vancouver, Wa and Portland, Oregon), one of whom kindly shared her contraband booze in an effort to fight the cold. Would I have preferred to stay dry and see Neko put in a full set? Of course. But, if nothing else, everyone who attended the Saturday of the festival has a story to tell.

I started off Sunday by taking in Jamie Lidell's set at the re-opened side stage. While he creates electronic-based music, he wasn't about to call in an American

Idol-style rendering of the songs off of *Multiply*. Rather than pressing play on a DAT machine, the man who makes up half of electro superstars Supercollider built up each song individually, from a combination of pre-recorded beats, on-the-fly keyboard riffs, and live samples of his own voice. Some songs stuck quite closely to their recorded counterparts, but for the most part, his set was a how-to lesson for electronic artists who think firing up Reason on a PowerBook and twiddling a few knobs can pass as a performance. The breakdown of "When I Come Back Around" jammed like a one-man techno Grateful Dead, and "A Little Bit More," with its chest shaking bass and squealing echo can only be described as an utterly delightful mindfuck.

No offense to anyone who starts swooning when they hear Ben Gibbard's dainty lyrics, but I'd rather wait in a 20 minute line up to buy overpriced, crappy American beer than pay attention to Death Cab. I actually took a nap instead, awaking in time to squeeze onto the floor for Beck.

Everyone's favourite indie rock Scientistologist must have thought he had a score to settle with Wayne Coyne after the Flaming Lips and their arming of waltzing mascots blew him off the stage night after night when they toured together a couple of years ago, because his stage show pulled out all the stops. Backed by a sizable band and accompanied by a break dancer, Beck also shared the spotlight with a miniature version of the stage, and a set of doppelganging puppets. Broadcast onto a screen at the back of the real stage, puppet Beck and his band mimicked their living counterparts almost exactly, thanks to a quartet of very talented string pullers. The attention to detail was astounding, with Mr. Hansen's puppet counterpart even changing guitars at the appropriate time. With the spectacle going on behind them, they probably could've got away with calling in a half-assed performance, but the band was tight as hell, and the songs sounded sharp, without being exact replicas of their recorded counterparts.



Photos by Melanie Coles

oooooooooooooooooooo

IT WAS WITH WET PANTS, wetted feet, and a belly full of bear claws that I wiggled my way through sweaty teenagers to get a better view of The Shins. We had endured a five-hour drive, eked out our square of camping lawn, marched through perfectly good rattlesnake habitat, basked in Iron and Wine's inspiring set, and survived an apocalyptic hail-storm (hence the pants and feet). I can only assume that Neko Case survived as well. An hour earlier she had gathered up her gear and pride and made a run for it, never to return. I'm pretty sure she didn't get electrocuted. To be honest though, I was preoccupied with protecting my toes and beer at the time. Maybe someone should check up on her.

From my vantage through bobbing shag-cuts and rain-coat hoods, The Shins were taking turns with the halo provided by the setting sun. James sang "Fate isn't what we're up against" and I'm pretty sure he meant the weather, just this once. A girl standing to my left with smeared eyeliner sang every word of every song. A kid behind me in full raingear tapped me several times on the shoulder to tell me that he was from Portland and that the band also now lives in Portland. The giant TV screen loomed over us, tempting

the crowd's gaze away from the live view. Everyone had a digital camera and everyone had the same fuzzy picture of a silhouetted guitar player.

The Shins played like we all expected them to play, like we were in their basement waiting for kool-aid and our turn with the nintendo. I closed my eyes and saw wood paneling. I can't imagine it's easy to make tens of thousands of people feel like they know what you're talking about. I wouldn't know where to start. I'm glad they figured it out though. It was the difference between going to a festival and feeling completely alone and going to a festival and feeling like everyone is somehow the same. One is much better than the other.

On the way home we managed to squeak in a visit to the Petrified Ginkgo State Park. We learned that the Gorge was formed during the last glaciation by a giant ice dam that created a lake the size of Lake Erie and Ontario put together. When the ice dam receded and broke, all that water rushed out to the ocean, carving out the gorge on its way. So, if it wasn't for the Ice Age, there would be no Sasquatch Festival. That's one more reason to be grateful for glaciation.

"Best new band/record of the year so far" - Vice



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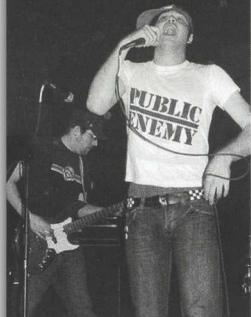


Photo by Megan Baurne

Fake Shark Real Zombie at the Ukrainian Hall, Saturday, June 3

"...and 'Old companies are bad,' votes," and "The anti-noise fascists at the Pic went pre-emptive on Sick Buildings' set. A few minutes into some harsh noise the sound guy shut off the power, saying something about a blown breaker (which is totally true). The set's totally overpowered equipment). After something of a ka-fuffle (including some slanders that 'nobody there wanted to hear that kind of music anyway') the act started up again with the equipment totally intact. Pic: Josh the main figure behind the act found himself manhandled into a bear hug by a bouncer to seal the Pic's fate as the worst venue of the fest. The Grapvine



Photo by Will Brown

Bakelite at the Columbia—post-punch, Saturday, June 3



Crowd Dancing To Joe's Casio at The Pic, Saturday, June 2

THURSDAY: PATS/PIC

This night was one wet mutha, but the sheer force of my will and loyalty to the cause found me down at Pat's just in time to see technical difficulties. Without the shitty music playing you can have a beer and pleasant conversation. After some scrambling on the part of the organizers and a no-show band, the night was ostensibly back on track. Ignoring my better sense I braved the downpour and found myself at the Pic in time for The Mutators' set. Perhaps it was the drink, but I am now the proud owner of an oversized tee proclaiming "I like mutators, ok". The statement holds true in sobriety too! Wish I caught Al Gore's set.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY: QUESNEL

(most concentrated industrial center in BC aka Gold Pan City)
Friday and Saturday found me visiting my 90-year old grandmother that I hadn't seen in nearly a decade at my parent's (and gasp—my adolescent) home in Quesnel. That bitch is by far the most impressive thing I witnessed all weekend and that is no slag against MW.

It seems that the back to back all ages shows at the [Ukrainian Hall] were a hit with the people appropriate to such a venue. I respect that all ages show exist and would even say, yes, there should probably be more. However, I'm not sad I missed this, because it doesn't seem right for me to rain scorn upon those blissfully ignorant that something better exists. Plus, standing in darkened periphery

while the young ones flutter about makes me feel like a total creep, and perhaps I share my Grandmother's desire to discipline!!! Rather disappointed that I didn't see that asshole from Zulu getting the ol' bear hug from the bouncer at the Pic on Friday. Oh, and apparently Sean Orr got punched in the head at the Columbia on Saturday during Bakelite's set. Ruckus!

SUNDAY: COLUMBIA

Very little reason to be anywhere else tonight. Unlike the other nights of MW that found the line-ups begging for venue shifting, the Columbia on Sunday was solid. Arrived in the midst of The Parallels' set and stayed till the bitter end. The big cap of the evening and perhaps the entirety of MW was the unexpected appearance of The Book of Lists at the end of Anemones' set. They played one song, their best of course, and were appreciated. To preface, there was a certain amount of controversy surrounding the Book of Lists non-participation in MW and their treatment by Only. A month after the fact, if you don't know about it whatever and if you do...well, whatever. In the end, what mattered was that Sean Orr was there. If ever was distilled the spirit of Music Waste this is it: Not only do you get a punch in the head, but you return to the scene of the punch in the head the very next night. A fine way to end what amounted to a festival that delivered what it promised: music and waste. There you have it, my Music Waste 2006

Caroline Walker

The Mutators sell more merch at The Pic Pub, Thursday, June 1



The Punks at Pic Pub, Friday, June 2

Photo by Sarah Cordingley

MURST VENUE: THE PICABILLY
The anti-noise fascists at the Pic went pre-emptive on Sick Buildings' set. A few minutes into some harsh noise the sound guy shut off the power, saying something about a blown breaker (which is totally true). The set's totally overpowered equipment). After something of a ka-fuffle (including some slanders that 'nobody there wanted to hear that kind of music anyway') the act started up again with the equipment totally intact. Pic: Josh the main figure behind the act found himself manhandled into a bear hug by a bouncer to seal the Pic's fate as the worst venue of the fest. The Grapvine

MUSIC WASTE-

June 1-4 proved an organizational nightmare. No wonder the team at Only Magazine goes on summer hiatus after this little stunt they pull annually on the Downtown Eastside.



Portland's Bird Costumes at The Pic Pub, Friday, June 2

Photo by Sarah Cordingley

we played. We drank, we could not not have had a better time, the lack of a sound guy showing up as well as one of the bands, did not distract from the fact that we had out midas blown. music waste is one of the only good things left keeping this city alive. and we don't really like anything.

Photo by Jackie Gullou

BEST VENUE: PUB 340

The venue provided a decent atmosphere for the eclectic punk inspired festival. The event sponsor Only magazine put its flag up behind the stage, and there was a minimum of drama with management and bar fights, in contrast to Music Waste shows at the Pic and Columbia. The sole bad thing was not enough people attended.

Arthur Kramins

Photo by Lucas Sei

THURSDAY: COLUMBIA
This show had a competent sound guy, reasonably priced drinks, was not stifled by dicks and had the Nervous Breakdowns and the Weather playing late enough that we could end our night by seeing them. Not said

FRIDAY: PUB 340
Went to see Mc Plo, but the set list had been changed so he'd gone on early. I was bored.

SATURDAY: HOME
Hungerford
Jodie Yaw

NORTH BY NORTHEAST MUSIC AND FILM FESTIVAL IS ONE OF CANADA'S BIGGEST AND BEST ARTS FESTIVALS. IT IS DEDICATED TO INDEPENDENT CREATORS AND PRODUCERS OF MUSIC AND FILM, AND HAS BEEN AROUND NOW FOR 12 YEARS. THIS YEAR THERE WERE OVER 400 BANDS PLAYING IN OVER 30 VENUES AROUND TORONTO DURING A PERIOD OF 3 DAYS IN EARLY JUNE. IT IS A FAIRLY EPIC EVENT.

DOIN' TIME IN THE CITY OF SMOKE

ADVENTURES AT NORTH BY NORTHEAST 2006

THERE WERE ALSO A LITTLE more than 15 music-related indie films playing around town, including one produced by Stewart Copeland that collected some of his backstage super-8 footage from his days with the Police. I had the opportunity to attend NxNE this year with the masterful Calvin Swoyers—whose film reviews are located at the end of this article—and the uber-talented photographer Sophie Kinachchouk.

It would be impossible for anyone to attempt to cover every aspect of NxNE. It's just too huge. It sprawls in all directions like something out of an HP Lovecraft story. Yet NxNE's greatest strength is this immense diversity of scope. With so many different styles of music showcased in so many venues, it's amazing to think that there's enough people to go around. There's so much opportunity for random encounters, weird surprises and drunken decisions that even the most persnickety planner is doomed to eventually go with the flow.

We decided to forego all of the standard "must-see" events. We turned down Television, the Buzzcocks and Pink Mountaintops in favour of bands like Girl + the Machine, The Besnard Lakes and Sylvie. We weren't interested in that other stuff. It seemed like too much hassle.

NxNE schedules every band for an hour on the stage. This timeline includes set-up and tear-down of equipment before and after the show, so it usually works out to a 40-minute set. Bands tend not to bring the flash pots and hydraulic drum risers for these gigs, and that makes for a compact, stripped down show. It allows the audience to be a little closer to the band musically, and makes the players work a little harder. With the music as the sole focus, there can be too much emphasis on the sound crew to make the right adjustments from band to band, and in some cases the bands lose out. It's a bit of a crap shoot in some venues. Some bands can overcome this and others get lost and frustrated.

Knowing that this was going to be a steady, 3-day assault on our senses, my crew and I developed a plan. There were 2 cardinal rules taken from the King Crimson school of songwriting: let's ease into this thing slowly and never be afraid to improvise.

We would use Thursday night as a kind of litmus test. We'd casually check out a few venues, gauge the crowd and feel out the general vibe. Friday night we'd take it up a notch. We'd find a few bars with character and good lighting, and fire back a few shots of tequila between sets. By Saturday we'd be ready for the crush. We'd start that night at the epicenter of the Toronto rock scene—the legendary Horseshoe Tavern—before hitting the streets in search of new musical stylings. From there all bets were off—we'd cast ourselves into the hurricane of chance and see where we ended up.

THURSDAY JUNE 08

We spent the early hours of Thursday evening devouring king cans of Heineken on the patio of Action Jackson's Bohemian Bordello on Shaw Avenue with the Smoke City Betties. The Betties are a loose-knit posse

of foxes on roller skates who sing and dance and generally cause mayhem. It is rumored that they glide the avenues near College & Shaw, but tonight they were laying down a relatively earthy Girlschool vibe that I did not find displeasing. They also play a lot of eucuche and sleep on couches. We all eventually made our way to the poorly named but ambient Ciao Edie Roxx. It's a little lounge on College Street where we saw a fairly awesome band named Girl + the Machine, a four-piece art rock ensemble from Toronto that came across with a kind of psychedelic, flanger-infected sensibility. Girl—as she prefers to be known—is a lithe Malaysian beauty with a gorgeous voice and a seductive stage presence. She belted and purred her way through every song. The Machine are a fine band featuring some great guitar playing and a heavy rhythm section. Their set was really well-executed and infinitely superior to the band that came next. Shop Resuscitate Die were the final act of Thursday evening at the Ciao Edie, and they were not good. They offered punkishness and vague political rants between songs. I didn't care. I was already looking forward to Friday night.

FRIDAY JUNE 09

Friday night in Toronto is always a good time. The streets were full of weirdos and ne'er-do-wells of every stripe. The studded belts, leather skull caps and red bandana wrist bands were everywhere. We started the evening by catching the Cyberkribs showcase at the wonderfully funky Gypsy Co-op. Kitchener's Embassy kicked things off with a little Roots-inspired hip hop. The stylin' MCs had some real chops, but their all-white backing band came across as a bit, um, white. Next up was the highly anticipated Kobayashi; I have their first CD at home and have always liked it. Unfortunately, they were sunk by terrible sound quality—mics that worked sporadically, loose grounds, lost vocals. Their set ended up resembling a Herbaliser remix of the Moody Blues in mono. To their credit, Kobayashi gave the performance everything they had, but it just didn't translate.

We had every intention of catching the acid-infused madness of White Cowbell Oklahoma at the Horseshoe, but not even our all-access media passes could get us in for that show. The line-up was around the corner an hour before show time and the place was already jammed. We wound up catching the last song of their extended set—which somehow included a topless dancer and a tonne of confetti—but not before hitting the El Mocambo for a thorough schooling in Kraut-rock energy from Edmonton's Dietzke V & the Abominable Snowman. My scribbled notes from that session mention that they sounded like a weird collision of Eddy Grant, New Order and Sign o' the Times era Prince. They pounded their keyboards and twiddled endless knobs like *Nevermind* never happened, and they danced and sang like pagans around a bonfire. A great show and highly recommended. Who knows whether that kind of energy can translate into a studio recording? I'd be interested to know.

From there it was off to the Silver Dollar,

a rugged watering hole for people of the psychobilly persuasion, located in beautifully fragrant Chinatown. There's a statue above the entrance of a screaming, guitar-wielding ghoul with a mohawk if that gives you any idea. Happily, Montreal's The Besnard Lakes were on stage, and in the middle of throwing down an assault of chiming guitars and wide-open jams. My notes say something about "windblown Arizona desert ditties," "sweet solos," and "the whiskey-soaked madness of the Supersuckers." Make of that what you will.

SATURDAY JUNE 10

Saturday had a good feeling about it, and we shook away the cobwebs of the night before with an afternoon pow-wow on a Queen Street patio. We got to the Horseshoe Tavern early, and were treated to one of the best shows of the festival right off the bat. Sylvie, a four-piece from Regina, hit the stage like a house on fire. They had a rich, driving, distorted rock sound like All State Champion swapping spit with the long-defunct Cloot Captained Radio. Singer/guitarist Joel Passmore rocked out on his Kickbacker while the band's bassist Riva Farrell Racette was pure elemental magic. During the third song her bass strap broke but she continued to thrum from her knees on the stage like she was possessed. She even belted out the chorus though she was nowhere near a mic. They eventually borrowed a strap for her and continued to play the stage for the rest of the show. I hope they make it to Vancouver, because I would definitely see them again.

From there we went off to a very tiny room called Holy Joe's and caught a band called Doris Day. They are apparently the pride of Barrie, Ontario and there's no question that they came to play. They laid down a high-energy show full of waving tambourines, soaring electric guitars, crashing cymbals and a definite groove. The good news is that I'm at a loss for comparisons for this band. They swagger like dangerous sex and hit you in the stomach like a swift descent on a rollercoaster. They packed the place and played with passion, and everyone left happy.

Another great show that night was hometown boys Crash Kelly at the Reverby. They came to throw down an absolute no-nonsense lesson in rock 'n' roll with a side of glam. From the red and black wild-striped jacket of the lead singer to his shameless mugging for the camera, this show was an event. Crash Kelly worked to invoke the combined spirits of Alice Cooper, Marc Bolan and Ace Frehley, shredding the wallpaper with guitar solos, tight jeans and quivering hips. They had a lot of fun on stage and we all had smiles on our faces for the entire performance—even if we were occasionally shaking our heads in disbelief.

The night kind of faded to black from there. The last two shows that we saw couldn't hold a candle to the high standard of Doris Day, Crash Kelly or Sylvie, and it's not even worth getting into. We left the Reverby that night blissfully drunk on music and liquor, weaving our way home past packed pizza parlours and big crowds of rowdy drunks at other bars. It was the end of the line, but that was alright. We couldn't have asked for more.



Doris Day



Girl + the Machine



White Cowbell Oklahoma



Dietzke V & the Abominable Snowman

Photos by Sophie Kinachchouk



FILMS OF NXNE

MUTUAL APPRECIATION; HIGH AND DRY

by Calvin Sweers

“YES, THEY HAVE MOVIES AT NXNE this year; sixteen, actually. No, it's not just bands.” Such was my refrain, usually shouted over a sonic boom of gee-ah or intoned over coffee to the server at brunch. And if the two great indie flicks that I managed to take in are any indication, they'll certainly be doing it all again next year.

Mutual Appreciation

Written and directed by Andrew Bujalski. Starring Justin Rice, Rachel Clift, Andrew Bujalski

Once you've had your fill of summer blockbusting, why not take a little stroll down Believability Boulevard by catching *Mutual Appreciation* at your local rep cinema? Writer/director Andrew Bujalski has created a subtle and clever examination of friendship, family, love, lust and of course, music—all with the simplest of situations.

Alan (Justin Rice) has left Boston, arriving in New York with his guitar to start anew his musical career. He hooks up with a couple old friends to help him settle, and all he wants or needs is a drummer, and maybe a job. The stakes may not seem high, but don't let that fool you. Bujalski reels you in to Alan's story with coy discussions between all sorts of locals, using some languid camera work and gritty candour to create a refreshingly natural fly-on-the-wall feel. The loose, rambling dialogue and (which I thought were, but later discovered weren't) improvised performances left me incredibly happy for three reasons: finally some real acting, some real behaviour, and no pretense.

The joy in this movie comes from seeing beautifully ordinary and honest portrayals—like Alan phoning his dad for money, or Ellie (Rachel Clift) wrestling with the concept of monogamy. Bujalski has managed to evoke a wide range of bright, awkward, funny and introspective moments. At some point in this movie you'll want to call up the cast yourself and go for a beer. If it's 109 minutes of 'new' that you're after, check this one out.

High and Dry

Directed by Michael Toubassi

Tucson doesn't know if it wants to be a big city or a small town. And therein may lay the source of inspiration for the legion of musicians that have marinated in that desert, simmered, boiled and exploded out onto the larger music landscape. This documentary attempts to capture their stories.

Watching the interviews, the old concert tapes, the grainy house party footage, we get a glimpse at the innovative history, the friendly folks and the trying times from 1980 onwards. You would not be alone in trying to decipher the exact ingredients that produce the range of talent and eclectic array of sounds and styles born out of this arid corner of the world.

But with each hilarious story recounted, each revolutionary moment re-lived, a little piece of the city's personality falls into view and we begin to understand the mind-state, the romance and the reason. This place, these people, their sound is grand.

As for the term 'desert rock', many of the artists tend to scoff or question just what the hell it's supposed to mean. Some of the artists confess its meaninglessness; an imposed branding used to package the sound and market the music. In short: bullshit. But I'll let the reader watch Michael Toubassi's Tucson-scene retro/proto-spective and judge for themselves whether to remove it from their lexicon of Rock and banish it to the ranks of 'fly', 'boss' and 'white rapper'.

So for the uninitiated, don't let names like Calexico, Supersuckers, Giant Sand, Bob Log III or Rainer Ptacek intimidate you; let them pique you. And for the already initiated, how are you, good to see you, come on in, it's hot out, can I get you a drink?



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by Curtis Woloschuk | ILLUSTRATION BY CARSON DALEY

THE AGE OF ELECTRIC EMPIRE

PART ONE

“AIN’T SEEN YOU ‘ROUND HERE in a while.”

“I drew the short straw,” chagrined Jason Grimmer. “McBeath and Bejar are on tour. Newman’s on his annual sex tourism romp through Thailand. I’m left to play nursemaid.” The scruffy vocalist pulled a Bolivar Corona cigar from his jacket and sparked a lighter. Trips to the TASCAM (Terrorist Assaults/Soulless Crimes Against Music) Detention Facility always made him edgy. When he got edgy, he liked to puff on something Cuban.

“Can’t smoke that in here,” advised Big Hamm. The burly, sequin jumpsuit-clad warden nodded towards the sprinkler system nestled overhead. “You’ll set off the waterworks.”

“This place could use a decent soak.” The dingy, concrete innards of the subterranean prison were rank with the feuding odours of mildew, human waste and artistic bankruptcy.

“Hey! Hey! You gotta get outta here! I don’t belong here!” A dishevelled Matthew Good pounded desperately on the solid bars of his cell. “I’m trying to bring down the industry by operating inside the system. I want to tell you about my new direction!” His petitions went unheeded. “At least give me back my glasses.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Hamm slammed his nightstick against the cell door and sent Good scurrying in retreat. “Any more of your shit and you’re sharing a cell with the 604 Records boys. Simkin’s been begging for some fresh meat.” With Good reduced to a whimpering wreck, Hamm guided his guest past another three cells and on to their target.

Grimmer stepped to the door and peered beyond the reinforced steel stanchions. Todd Kerns sat slumped against the far wall. Madink-bearing arms hung to the floor and gave him the appearance of a puppet minus its master. Grimmer felt a fleeting pang of pity before recalling the damage wrought by Static In Stereo’s self-titled debut. Freshly motivated, he barked, “Kerns! Hamm here tells me you’ve been a model citizen. Keep up the good behaviour and we might just book you a show at the Backstage Lounge. Maybe even something on a weekend.”

“You guys have been great,” offered the dark-tressed prisoner in a dispassionate tone. “I just want to thank all the fans.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

“You guys have been great,” Kerns repeated. “I... just... want...” His monotone voice began to slow as if he were a wind-up toy in need of a decent crank. “To... thank... aaaaaallllllll...”

Hamm huffed derisively. “Jesus. This guy’s a real piece of...”

“Shit!” Grimmer reached for his pocket and retrieved his cell phone. While scrolling through his contacts, he turned to Hamm and demanded, “Get that room open. Now!” After a moment’s pause, the warden punched a password into the locking mechanism’s keypad. Pulling the door ajar, Grimmer lunged into the ten-by-ten cell.

A well-placed boot to Kerns’ head sent him face first to the ground. Then, Grimmer hoisted up the prisoner’s fresh CBGB t-shirt only to find his worst suspicions confirmed. Kerns’ back was composed of an intricate lattice of wires and circuitry.

Grimmer pushed the “Call” button on his cell phone. As a static-scratched connection was established, he started issuing directives. “Jack, it’s Grimmer. We’ve got ourselves a situation. Kerns is loose. He duped us with a bloody android. Hit the streets and start shaking things up.” Eyebing the expired automation, the potential repercussions of Kerns’ escape raced through his imagination. “We need to find this guy ASAP.”

* * *

Back within the confines of The Super Group’s headquarters/rehearsal space, Grimmer was perched at the edge of his command chair. Clouds of acid smoke billowed from his smouldering cigar. In front of him, a video display broadcast events unfolding in the tech room two floors below. Grimmer watched plaintively as Shawn Bristow shuffled through various components he’d culled from the android’s torso. At Bristow’s side, Andy Dixon industriously catalogued information into his laptop. Grimmer activated the intercom and enquired, “You guys have anything for me?”

Bristow shook his head in dismay. “The Robosuits and I have tossed together some pretty decent ‘bots in our time,” he muttered over the com-link. “I mean, we once built a cyborg shell with just a Kleenex box, candy bar wrapper, toothbrush and Jack Russell terrier.”

“That doesn’t help me,” chastised Grimmer.

“I guess what I’m saying is that this stuff here is a little beyond me,” replied Bristow. “I mean, this has all sorts of metal and wires and stuff.” He held aloft a circuit board as an example. “I’m also kind of freaked out that I might get electrocuted. I already got some solder on my hand.” Rubbing his palm, he grumbled, “Still kind of stings.”

“Hey,” chimed in Dixon. He was keenly surveying his laptop’s monitor. “You guys should see what that android’s nuclear fusion engine is going for online. We should totally eBay this shit!”

“Jesus!” disparaged The Super Group’s acting leader. “I need you guys to find something. Serial numbers. Anything. We need to trace where these parts came from.”

A defensive air overtook Bristow. “Damn it, Grimmer. I’m a multi-instrumentalist, not a miracle worker!”

Grimmer cut the video feed. “This had to happen while I was in charge,” he mumbled. “I was going to start two new bands this week.” His rampant aggravation edged closer to the redline as he became attuned to a guttural chanting echoing about the room. “What the hell...?”

“It’s The Winks, chief,” Grimmer had almost forgotten that Kurt Dahle was standing behind him. The nimble percussionist waved cigar smoke away from his face before gesturing towards the centre of the large room. There, Todd and Tyr of The Winks sat cross-legged on a throw rug. A rainbow-tinged parasol was propped up between them and scented candles were appointed about

the floor. The vividly garbed duo’s eyes were fixed shut while their lips moved of their own accord. “They told me that they’re attempting to access the astral plane to seek the counsel of the dovelated starfish guardian of the primordial psyche.” A pregnant pause followed. “They kind of weird me out.”

“They weird everyone out.” A series of shrill beeps called Grimmer’s attention back to the command console. “It’s Jack,” he informed Dahle. With a volley of keystrokes, a connection was established with Jack Duckworth’s camera phone. The initial video transmission was alarming. The Super Group’s dark avenger seemed to be reporting in from ground zero of a devastating natural disaster. “What the hell happened?”

“The Buffalo Club’s welcome wagon,” shared Duckworth. Unconscious and badly beaten bar patrons were perched atop the stools to his side. Behind him, collaterally damaged neon signs flickered at the brink of death and a large mirror boasted a prominent web-like crack. Shards of broken glass littered the bar top like confetti. “Kerns’ favourite lap dancer put me onto this place.” A smirk curled Duckworth’s lips. “Get this. Kerns ends up sobbing like a baby every time she bumps and grinds him. Then, he heads over here to drown his sorrows.”

“What did you turn up?”

“I had to liberate some teeth before anyone would loosen their tongue.” Bruised and bloodied knuckles were presented as evidence. “Kerns made a cameo appearance last week. Just long enough to pick up his bro...”

The transmission abruptly cut to static. Confusion gripped Grimmer’s face. “What the...?” A digital hash-heavy image of Duckworth was briefly resuscitated only to die out a second time. On this occasion, it dragged the entirety of the headquarters’ interior lights along with it. “Damn it!” railed Grimmer amidst the darkness. “Those jackasses in the tech room probably blew a breaker.”

“I don’t think that’s your problem,” advised an unfamiliar voice.

The overhead fluorescents flickered back to life. Grimmer spun his chair about and met with an alarming discovery. The nefarious Todd Kerns had breached the defences of the heroes’ sanctuary and now stood but three metres away. Compounding matters, he wasn’t alone. Two similarly attired men flanked his sides. Rattled by the rapid turn of events, Grimmer struggled to identify the villain’s accomplices. “Who...?”

“Good god,” gasped Dahle. “That’s his brother John and my brother Ryan.” Shaking uncontrollably, he swallowed heavily. “Grimmer... He’s... He’s reassembled Age of Electric.”

“Not quite,” corrected a smug Kerns. He offered a sly smile and flung a pointed finger in the direction of Dahle. Relishing the theatrics, he dramatically intoned, “I believe your Super Group has something that belongs to us.”

To be continued...

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Neko Case, Sonny
Smith & The Centre in
Vancouver for Performing Arts
The Jits, Spradegge &
The Clear

Hard Rock Miners @ Railway Club

Canadians vs Everett Aquasox @ The
Nat CONCERT LIONS, Notes From
Underground @ Maslurack's

Hinterland, Bella,
Carbon Dating Service
@ Backstage Lounge
Duplex @ Kingpapa
Melt Vancouver Public
Library / 2nd Annual Viva
Zapatista fundraiser feat. Amy
Honey, Sut Revolver, Gangbang,
Short @ The Railway Club |
Canadians vs Everett Aquasox @ The
Nat

Karmelit Underground, Orchid
Highway, Walk of the Beasts @
Backstage Lounge | The Butties
Chicago, Counting Crows, New
Fur! The Roots, The Roots @
Shilo's Lounge @ Pub
340, The Temptations @
River Rock Casino Resort
The Butties, The Christa Min,
Sirolo Caves @ Railway Club
Bodney DeCoo & Rae Spoon,
Dylan Thomas @
The Marine Club

Born the 8 track,
The Roots @ The
@ Pub 340, The Tits, Selma
Martin, Dan Goldman &
Smedley, Great Aunt Ida @
Radio, Conrad,
Hard Rock Miners,
Billy Bones & The No Good
Loud, Mouth Back Stabbing
Jerk, Stephen Hedley @ Railway
Club | Sean Wesley Wood,
Vancouver Vipers, Treacherous
Machete @ Darcy's

Codina Murdoch and the
Musical Miles, Leah Uncommon
@ Cafe Des Salotti, Cat Water
@ Princeton Pub | The Pets
The Nones, The Spinoffs @
Pub 340 | Blood Box,
Sleptentis, Giefer, C42,
The Rita, Scab @ Video In |
Canadians vs Eugene Emeralds
@ The Nat

Ray Davies @
The Commodore Ballroom
Canadians vs. Salem-Helzer
Volcanoes @ The Nat.

Canadians vs. Salem-Helzer
Volcanoes @ The Nat.

The Attie @ Railway Club
Eur Chico Bros, Yukon, Poison
Dart, White Fang @ Railway Club

Concrete Lions, RIFORESEN, with
Brad Dunn @ the Marine Club

Dawnlander, Go Ghetto Tiger,
Ryan McMahon @ Backstage
Lounge / They Shoot Horses
Don't They?, Jon-Rae and
the River, The People Versus
@ Richard's On Richards
Transylvanian Polka,
The Weather @ the Railway Club

The Aggrolites, The Pivalites @
the Backstage Lounge
The Backstage Lounge
Band @ The Media Club
The Ramble, The Feminists,
The Gloom Room, Fun 100 @
The Pic Pub

Fake Shark-Real Zombie
Fun 100, Ghost House,
30 Grand Over 100 @
The Gangly Vineyard

Canadians vs. Spokane Indians
@ The Nat.

Canadians vs. Spokane Indians
@ The Nat.

Canadians vs. Spokane Indians @
The Nat / Will's Dad's Birthday

Richard Ramirez, Nasty Tour,
2000 w/ The Rita, Telemaster
@ CCAC Int, Al Green @ River
Rock Casino Resort, Canadians
vs. Spokane Indians @ The Nat.

The Blambls, The Soundiffs, Pind,
And Guests @ Pub 340 / Al Green
@ River Rock Casino Resort

Alex Trebek's Birthday

Camera Obscura, George James
@ Plaza Club

Sam Roberts, Broken Social Scene,
The Stills @ Deer Lake Park
The Farrell Brothers, The Alley
Dixies, Rocket Fria @ The
Lamplighter The Rentals,
Orna, The Salts @
Richard's On Richards

The Racounters, Kelly Sholtz
@ Malkin Bowl / Maps of the
Night Sky, The Winks, Field
and Stream @ Railway Club

Bedouin Soundcraze @ Malkin Bowl
Dylan Thomas, Sean Wesley Wood,
Johnny Wakeham, John Dye, Doug
@ the Marine Club

Bossa Nova, Aveniences, Pequod
@ Railway Club / Duo Tempo Int.
Helix Resonator, Calamaska, Echo
Plot (DJ set) @ Jewel of India
Restaurant / Canadians vs. Tri-City
Dust Devils @ The Nat.

Shikon, Elias, In Medias Res @
Backstage Lounge / Immaculate
Machine, with Special Guests @ The
Media Club / Agnostic Mountain
Gospel Choir @ Railway Club
Canadians vs. Tri-City Dust Devils
@ The Nat.

Six Organs of Admittance,
The Christa Min @ The Media Club
The Buzzcocks, The Strays,
The Adorned @ The Red Room
Magnolia Electric Co., Ladyhawk,
Silverstein Pickups @ Richard's On
Richards / Canadians vs.
Tri-City Dust Devils @ The Nat.

Canadians vs. Tri-City Dust
Devils @ The Nat.

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AUGUST 9



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sarah harmer



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and the *Twins Affections*



SEPTEMBER 3
MALKIN BOWL
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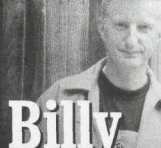
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with guests THE WATSON TWINS

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Billy Bragg

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MALKIN BOWL, STANLEY PARK

JULY 18
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THUNDERBOLT STADIUM, UBC

JULY 27
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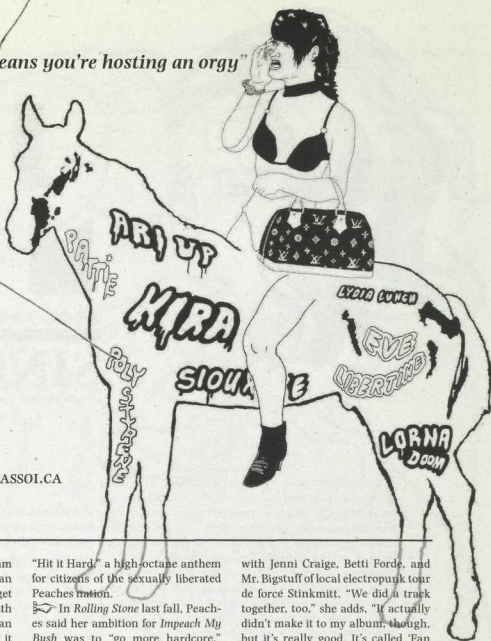
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LEGION

"If you are wearing a white hankie with multi-coloured dots, that means you're hosting an orgy"

PEACHES



by Mono Brown | ILLUSTRATION BY LUCASSOI.CA



"TODAY?"

I'M GONNA BE FLAGGING on the left," electroclash dirty-talker Peaches tells me over the phone from L.A., "which means I'm gonna spank your butt." We're having a conversation about the gay hankie code, a traditional form of signaling sexual preferences and interests through 'flagging' a coloured or patterned hankie from a back pocket. It's Friday, just before noon, and the Canadian-born, Berlin-based minimalist pop rock sensation and sub-cultural sex symbol has agreed to play some 'getting-to-know-you-games' with me before we talk about her forthcoming album, *Impach My Bush*, due out July 11 on XL Recordings. For those unfamiliar with the suggestive intricacy of the hankie taxonomy, Peaches promises a tutorial track, "Hankie Code," on the b-side of her upcoming single, "Downtown." And of her own hankie preference? "Oh, mostly it's just

fuschia pink."

When I tell her that I've switched my hankie to the right-hand side especially for our interview, she asks what colour I'm flagging, and I reply that it's a polka-dotted hankie and that I have no idea what it says about my sexual inclinations. "You don't know what that means?" she asks, trying to clarify some details as she sorts through a copy of the hankie code that she has found on her laptop. "Are the polka dots blue? Hang on, hang on, I think I can help you with this..."

As earlier albums *The Teaches of Peaches* and *Fatherfucker* have signalled Peaches' penchant for hot topics to her listeners, her third full-length LP *Impach My Bush* plunges the body politic further south of the border for another campaign through forbidden territory. Peaches, however, downplays the political significance of the titillating title when I ask her if the name alone is enough to make *Impach My Bush* a mainstream political album. "I always thought that if I made a greatest hits or a last album, I'd say 'impeachment,' you know? And it just seemed like a good opportunity, a good time...with what's going on in the world, to use 'Bush,' and 'Impach' and 'Impach My Bush.'"

More candidly, Peaches remarks that the name of the album reflects her artistic mandate for sexual freedom as much as it represents her personal take on U.S. foreign policy. "You know how, when something happens, everybody jumps on it?" she muses. "I'm kind of making a comment on that, you know. But, also, war isn't funny, so it is cool...if you have a political persona, to say something." What Peaches insists that her third album will say comes

issued as a challenge to mainstream expression more explicit than *Fatherfucker*, and with a wider target audience than she reached with *The Teaches of Peaches*. Her slogan for *Impach My Bush*, as she puts it during our telephone exchange, is, "If you don't know me, Peaches, by now, censor my pussy."

Though faithful fans have come to expect such playful profanity from Peaches, *Impach My Bush* gives new meaning to double entendre in an era of pop music plasticity. Because we have already gotten to know a bit about one another, I decide to ask Peaches if she envisions *Impach My Bush* hooking newer, younger audiences with its racy refrains. "What, like five?" Peaches fires back. "Like, how much younger can they get?" Always on the edge of willingness to participate in our exchange, she continues, "Um, yeah, yeah...No, I think this album should be a mainstream album. And I mean that in such a good way because I think everybody should hear what I have to say."

Peaches is equally forthright when I ask her what she thinks will be dirtier about *Impach My Bush* for audiences already accustomed to the controversial. "Well, what do you think?" Embarrassed because the shock-pop sovereign has caught me off-guard, I stammer something into the phone about the album's provocative puns (the lyrics to songs like "Slippery Dick," if you haven't already guessed, make Black Eyed Peas hit "My Humps" seem like a chastity vow). "Yeah," Peaches agrees, "like, 'Hurts so good I got a sore-gasm,'" she sings from "Tent in Your Pants," which she follows up with the line, "Make a woman a man, and a man can-can," from

"Hit it Hard," a high-octane anthem for citizens of the sexually liberated Peaches nation.

In Rolling Stone last fall, Peaches said her ambition for *Impach My Bush* was to "go more hardcore," a commitment that drove her to expand her horizon in the direction of the West Coast for the "total L.A. experience": a poolside studio that played host to a menagerie of musical guests, among them Broken Social Scenester Leslie Feist and legendary rock n' roller Joan Jett. "Yeah, that's the good part of being solo and doing everything and proving that when I can already do it," Peaches explains when I ask her how she manages to join forces with a team of musical heavyweights and yet remain an autonomous artistic entity, "because then you can expand it and it's still you. And people are like, 'I can get behind that.' I can get in front of that." Sure enough, as Peaches tells it, it was Joan Jett who made the first move ("She's always wearing [a] back hankie...on the left.") to get behind *Impach My Bush*.

Joan Jett, for instance, called me and said, "What are you doing? I heard you're in L.A. and you're making a record. Can I come by and listen?" So she came by, it was her 47th birthday and I'm like, "You like it? You like this song?" She's like, "Yeah," and I'm like, "You wanna be on it?" Along with Jett, former roommate Feist and Queens of the Stone Age guitarist Josh Homme, the latest release attracted the attention of ex-Hole drummer Sam Maloney, JD Samson of Le Tigre, and The Need's Radio Sloan, a triple threat enlisted as Peaches' back-up band for her Summer 2006 *Impach My Bush* tour. Cutting a record on the West Coast even reconnected Peaches

with Jenni Craig, Bette Ford, and Mr. Bigstuff of local electropunk tour de force Stinkmatt. "We did a track together, too," she adds. "It actually didn't make it to my album...though, but it's really good. It's called 'Fan Etiquette.'"

It's also thanks to her total L.A. experience that Peaches is hanging out in Pacific Standard Time instead of Central European Time, wearing a gold bikini and chatting with me on her cell phone. "My cell phone is, like, Barbie's first cell phone. It's really light, and it's fake platinum, and it's horrible...[but] I got a little phone charm that says 'Welcome to Las Vegas' on it, so I've made it my own."

Although the polka dots on my hankie are white on a blue background, Peaches informs me that, according to the hankie code, "If you are wearing a white hankie with multi-coloured dots, that means you're hosting an orgy or looking for an orgy." By the end of the interview, Peaches and I know a bit more about each other's personal preferences, but I still want to know how a gender-bending groundbreaker who once referred to herself as a "conduit for sex" in a 2003 interview with *Spin* magazine thinks *Impach My Bush* will push new boundaries in the wake of an album as sexually charged as *Fatherfucker*. At the foundation of Peaches' vision for an album that will challenge more booty to hit the dancefloor is the solid production of louder riffs with bigger beats. "People who always said, 'Oh no, we couldn't play *Fatherfucker*, you know, production,' or whatever, well, now there's no goddamn fucking excuse, so what you gonna do?"



JUANA MOLINA

SINGING IN TONGUES

by Chris Little | ILLUSTRATION BY WILL BROWN

JUANA MOLINA IS AN ARGENTINEAN national treasure. Once a celebrated comedic actress and television personality, she is now a renowned singer-songwriter who creates music of subtle depth and beauty. By embracing elements of traditional folk and enveloping them in swaths of minimal electronics, she is able to generate a surprising variety of moods and textures, using hypnotic repetition and the gradual addition of unusual sounds to produce an irresistibly charming sense of controlled psychedelia. Her approach is simple and intimate, yet her artistry is unique.

Although the vast majority of Molina's songs are sung in Spanish, they radiate a universality that defies linguistic constraints. Currently on tour promoting her third internationally-released album *Son* (Domino/Outside), I had the opportunity to sit down with this lovely and talented artist prior to her solo performance on June 20th at Richard's, sandwiched in between U.K. chamber-pop act Psapp and the Swedish singer-songwriter stylings of current indie-darling Jose Gonzalez.

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You don't tend to make a lot of information about your personal life available, and you rarely use images of yourself to promote your work. Was that a deliberate decision you made at the beginning of your musical career?

JM: Maybe. It wasn't even a decision—I just don't do it. I'm not very careful about my website or my image, and I'd rather not be. That's why I'm not on the covers of my records either.

Was your attitude a reaction at all to having your face constantly on television?

JM: Maybe. When I was an actress and very famous and blah, blah, blah, I wasn't at all into being photographed like all the other celebrities. I never did that. Now when I watch TV, I feel so relieved that I know I'm not going to be there. It's very comfortable to know that you're not going to be on TV, that you're protected.

Did the persistent media attention have anything to do with your decision to abandon television in favor of pursuing music?

JM: No, no. I abandoned music without noticing what I was doing. I started to work on TV because I wanted to have money to be able to keep taking guitar lessons, pay rent, and play music. Then I got famous without noticing it, and I got away from music for several years. But that wasn't at all my plan.

So it wasn't a difficult decision?

JM: It was difficult for other reasons. It was difficult because I had to abandon a very huge career and all the facilities that gives you. Everything comes easy. But at that point I really didn't care about having money

anymore and starting all over again.

Did you always have a desire to merge electronic music with singer-songwriter elements, or is that something that developed only recently?

JM: When I returned to music the only instruments I had at home were a bass, a guitar, and a drum machine, so all the arrangements were made for those and vocals. I didn't even think about keyboards, because at that time I didn't like them. I thought that keyboards were cheesy and that everyone used the same horrible sounds. But then a friend of mine taught me that you could actually program your own sounds, and that's when I got interested in synthesizers. I didn't know you could do that.

Were there any particular artists that influenced you when you were exploring what could be done with synthesizers?

JM: Just my friend. He wanted me to listen to some of his songs, and I invited him over. He came with a keyboard and I thought "This is gonna suck", but then he started to play some sequences he had and I didn't understand where the sounds were coming from. I didn't know you could sequence anything...I didn't even know what a sequence was. That's when I learned that the presets in a keyboard are just to show you what the instrument is able to do. So I immediately bought a keyboard and started to work on my own sounds. I got rid of all the presets, of course!

It seems that your songwriting approach has changed from album to album. On *Tres Cosas* the arrangements are more stripped-down than they are on *Segundo*, whereas *Son* feels like a more developed version of both. How do you approach the creation of each new record?

JM: I don't know. I don't have any preconceived ideas of what I'm going to do. It's just something that happens. *Segundo* for a long time was my favourite record, because it's freer than the others. I wasn't thinking about making a record at the time I recorded it. When I made the others I was already in the "industry," although my industry is pretty small. When I recorded *Tres Cosas* I had a base of concerns about what people might think. I was very afraid that the encouraging and supportive fans I made with *Segundo* were not going to like it, so I started to think a little more. I didn't want it to be as full a record, so it's more stripped-down. I could have added layers and layers because I love to do that, but I decided not to.

When I recorded *Son* the process was totally different, because I was using a lot of new ideas to play the songs from *Segundo* and *Tres Cosas* in a different way in my live shows. I realized that if I didn't record them I was going to find all these new ideas old when the time came to make a new album. So when I went back home after each tour I immediately recorded my set in the studio because I wanted to put all these new ideas into

new songs. I wasn't very aware of what I was doing, so when I decided to make a new record, the first thing I did was sit down and take a listen to what I had. I found that maybe 70 percent of the record was already there and I didn't know it! I got so enthusiastic because I thought that I was going to need almost two years to finish it, as with the other two records. But I finished the record in two months because I had been recording all these things. That's how *Son* came out...very easily.

So you didn't feel the same pressure to change as you'd felt before?

JM: No, because what I found when I was listening to what I had was that the sounds were new, at least for me. Something was different. I don't know exactly what, but the spirit was more energetic and alive than on the other two records.

In the past you've expressed regret about leaving some of your more adventurous material off of your albums. Are you still in the habit of holding back, or do you now let all of your creative impulses flourish no matter how crazy they might seem?

JM: I think I've become more secure in some ways, because when I knew *Segundo* was going to become a record I mixed some of the arrangements really low. I didn't dare put them too loud, but I didn't want to get rid of them either. For example, at the end of "Misterio Uruguayo" it seems like there are a lot of people screaming and singing and saying insane things, but you can barely hear it. I don't regret that decision. I just regret the fact that I didn't dare.

Are you planning to write any more material in English?

JM: I think language is something that really represents who you are. I am a little bit like the Woody Allen movie *Zelig* with languages. If I spend some time with Galia [Durant, of tourmates Psapp], after a while I begin to speak exactly as she does. She's from England and she has her own vocabulary.

I don't have roots in different languages, so even if I know what I'm saying in English, I don't know how I'm saying it. I know it's a big barrier, and that it would be much more commercial if I did my whole thing in English. But if the barrier is going to prevent people from listening to my music I have to take that risk, because I really need to be sure about what I'm doing. I wouldn't be myself. I could do it in French, as I did in one song on *Tres Cosas*, but French was for some time my second language, because I lived there when I was a teenager. I can recognize who I am in French, so I know what I'm saying. I really don't feel like I could sing in English.



MR. LIF

by Graham Preston | ILLUSTRATION BY BEN FREY

DURING THE LAST FEW WEEKS, I'VE BEEN OBSESSIVELY LISTENING TO EITHER *Mo' Mega*, THE NEW RECORD BY BOSTON, MA'S OWN MR. LIF, OR REALLY OLD SCHOOL RAP OF THE LATE 1970S AND EARLY 1980S FROM ARTISTS SUCH AS BUSY BEE AND GRANDMASTER CAZ OF THE COLD CRUSH BROTHERS (WHO WERE APPARENTLY A VERY YOUNG JAY-Z'S FAVOURITE GROUP).

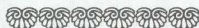


ON ONE HAND, COMPARING THE CADENCES and flows used by Lif and Cold Crush sets these records far apart. There's also the monumentally different beats, which are just house-band-replayed disco breaks in the old school songs, contrasted with the blistering, sample-heavy, futuristic boom-bap of Mr. Lif's producers, who include El-P (the man in charge of *the* prominent indie rap imprint Definitive Jux—Mr. Lif's label) and Edan of *Beauty and the Beat* fame.

But, on the other hand, the old school and Mr. Lif dovetail so well that one could reasonably draw a continuum of hip-hop history that would place Caz on one end and Mr. Lif on the other. Throughout his career, Mr. Lif's work has played with and relied upon the signifiers, clichés and guaranteed party-rocking techniques that were pioneered during the earliest days of recorded hip hop culture. This is not to say that Lif is merely derivative of a bunch of now washed-up and nearly forgotten pioneers. Rather, he takes these signifiers and makes them his own, which is one of the reasons why I find him one of the most vital and interesting artists in the now maligned and basically stagnant subgenre of so-called underground or "backpack" rap. Instead of just repeating the past like, say, Jurassic 5, Mr. Lif consciously—in both senses of the word—tries to make the past part of his future.

On a very cold early March night in Toronto during Canadian Music Week, I found myself in an insanely over-packed Opera House for a three-hour-plus Def Jux All Stars show that featured Mr. Lif, El-P and Aesop Rock on the bill as headliners. After roughly ten opening acts including fellow Jukies Cage and Camu Tao, Lif and crew finally jumped on stage, immediately launching into a call-and-response routine that wouldn't have been out of place in a legendary Kool DJ Herc park jam in 1978. After this traditional hip hop introduction, they ran through a set of their own decidedly

post-modern material from albums such as Mr. Lif's *I Phantom*, Aesop Rock's *Labor Days* and El-P's *Fantastic Damage*. At the time, I paid little attention to this disjunction; it was just part of the show designed to rock the crowd. But now, especially after the release of *Mo' Mega*, I am struck by the contrast between the pure fun of the routines and the relatively serious nature of the songs.



Mo' Mega, though—and this is the point that really makes this record and its progenitor so worthwhile—combines the playfulness of the routines with Mr. Lif's serious and political ethos into one package. In other words, he takes his latent Busy Bee—the earliest party-rocking solo emcee (think Jeezy for 1980)—and combines it with the Public Enemy-inspired "robo-Rakim" vibe that Lif has been noted for by writers like Peter Macia since the late 1990s. Critic Tom Breihan calls the new record "the first album where he abandons abstract apocalyptic parables and lets his humanity shine through," while Macia spends most of his time in the review telling his readers that *Mo' Mega* is Lif at his most personal. But both reviewers miss the point entirely, since Lif has always been spitting personal raps about humanity, such as *I Phantom*'s "Live from the Plantation," which details, in horrifyingly accurate terms, a typical work day. On *Mo' Mega*, Lif augments his personal style with a much more playful and ultimately fun approach. For example, check out the absurd fantasy of "Murs Iz My Manager," where guest emcee Murs tells Mr. Lif that Al Gore, Ben Affleck, Eminem, Jay-Z, Andre 3000 and Rakim want to collaborate with him. On the sex-epic tracks "Washitup" and "Long Distance," Lif puts his newly relaxed craft to good use.

Despite the overall genre's reputation for a tendency towards misogynistic and sexually explicit subject matter, strangely, underground hip-hop is relatively free of such material. If anything, the underground usually displays a certain shyness and juvenile attitude towards sex. The sexual honesty and directness of groups like Atmosphere is derided (or celebrated, depending on your temperament and orientation in the scene) as mere emo-rap, or outright ignored in favour of the hypersexual crack-rap of artists like Cam'ron or Young Jeezy, or the seemingly ironic porno-rap of groups like Spank Rock. Indeed, the underground hip-hop world might share more with the indie scene than it would like to admit. As critic Carl Wilson recently wrote, the indie scene is dominated by a "pervasive glorification of pre-pubescent reference points and [an] awkward relationship to sexuality." Wilson here could just as well be describing the crowd at the Def Jux All Stars show in March.

On *Mo' Mega*, Mr. Lif raps about sex with a sense of humour and seriousness.

I'M GONNA REP HARD TO KEEP SHIT RAW!



On "Washitup," he adopts a Bajan accent and does his best dancehall impression to rap about an encounter with a woman who, despite appearance, is "smelling unstable," which in turn leads to Lif's "frustration from a vile sensation." He then advises her to "wash it up before you make me cry / You look good, smell bad, girl, bye-bye." The tone of the song is clearly playful, but instead of relying upon clichés or "pre-pubescent reference points," Lif is both didactic and entertaining. "Long Distance," on the other hand, features Lif at his most serious and seductive, as he lovingly and realistically describes the passion, energy and stamina of sex during a much-anticipated rendezvous in a long distance relationship. As in "Washitup," Lif's lyrics are never exploitative or juvenile but earnest and enjoyable for the listener.

While I have been speaking primarily

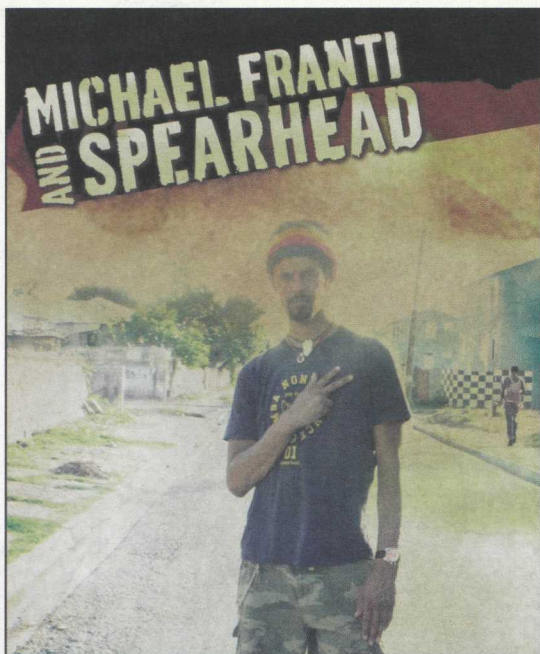


about the purely amusing cuts on the record, there are also many instances of the angry and political Mr. Lif that made hip hop heads first take notice of his talent. For example, he rallies against the outwardly harmless evils of fast

food in "The Fries" while aptly piling intricate yet discernible poetic conceits on top of each other. George W. Bush and other politicians, of course, do not escape the ire of Lif. On "Brothaz" Mr. Lif raps, "the Bush administration is worth nothing / Just fuck 'em / Throw 'em in the barrel, fuck 'em." He later makes sure to note, "Fuck Clinton too / You ain't really down because you live up town, bitch / Rwanda." Additionally, "The Come Up"—featuring fellow Boston-based emcee Akrobatik and Columbus, Ohio's Blueprint—turns its attention to a series of parables about the ills of the inner-city black community.

In a sense, on this record Mr. Lif is doing his best to counter pioneering hip-hop journalist Nelson George's assessment that "[h]ip-hop is not a political movement in the usual sense. Its advocates don't elect public officials. It doesn't present a systematic (or even original) critique of white world supremacy." On *Mo' Mega*, Lif definitely tries to articulate his original critique, and perhaps also solutions to these problems, through an approach derived from a balance between the fun of the park jam routine and the serious political issues that underpin hip-hop culture itself. In the end, Lif's focus is both global and local.





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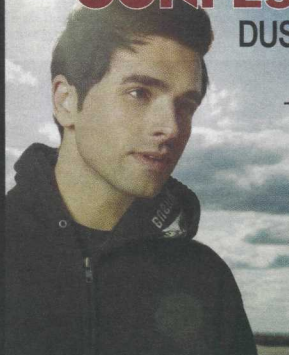


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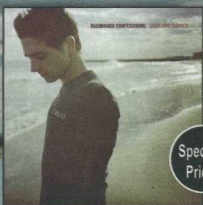
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UNDER REVIEW

THE GOSLINGS, PONY UP!, BIG STAR ANDREW DUKE, PEACHES, SHAPES AND SIZES SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE, MOJAVE 3, THE BLANK-ITS

The Goslings

Spacenter / Perfect Interior
(Crucial Blast)

The Goslings have been getting a whole lotta attention lately, especially for *Between the Dead*, which made some year-end lists and had people writing themselves in general, myself included. Crucial Blast have done themselves and us a favour, and packaged up two of the Goslings' earlier CD-Rs.

I guess the word on *Between the Dead* was that it combined the plodding heaviness of *Sunn O)))* with deranged male/female vocals, and the gauzy, ethereal quality of some 4AD thing from the 80s that I've never actually listened to, like Cocteau Twins or something. Far as I can tell, they've got a particular talent for both beauty and malevolence, and though these EPs aren't as polished, they've each got plenty of both.

It starts out with some buzz n' hum before the bass frequencies start swelling, like a lo-fi *Growing* soundtracking a David Lynch film. Later on, it's a haunted house *My Bloody Valentine*. They're crude, self-released recordings of a band finding its feet, but the ideas and the skill for perfecting them are all here. They're one of the few power-drone-doom-whatever bands that don't sound like a clone of anything, and they craft a massive, psychedelic world to get lost in, if you wanna get lost.

David Nichols

Mojave 3 *Puzzles like You* (4AD)

Any band worth anything is always at odds with their own evolution, for fear of finding an early grave in some stagnant and forgotten pool somewhere.

So, how then do you evolve gracefully without alienating all those finicky little fans of yours? Well, one simple solution is to just up the tempos and dust off some underused distortion pedals like Mojave 3 does on their new LP, *Puzzles like You*.

On their fifth album, we find these ex-Slowdivers opting to record a much more upbeat and pop-oriented record that sounds more like something Teenage Fancub would release than a Mojave 3 record. The generally sombre, Dylan-esque ballads that the band has become known for are few and far between here. The record barely stops to catch its breath as it briskly races through rock 'n' roll tracks like "Truck-Driving Man," "Breaking The Ice" and "Running With Your Eyes Closed," before coming to a lovely halt with one of Neil Halstead's best ballads yet, "The Mutineer." The punchy guitars, cheerful handclaps and

pounding honky-tonk pianos found on this album are now better suited for sunny-day bike rides than late-night cuddle sessions. Overall, the band has succeeded in releasing a very confident record that throws something new into the Mojave 3 formula that shouldn't put off any loyal listeners.

BRock Thiessen

Andrew Duke

Consumer vs. User
(Cognition Audioworks)

Halifax's Andrew Duke has been producing electronic music for almost two decades now, generating a voluminous and varied discography. A quick glance at his New Music Canada page reveals that, over the past couple of years alone, he's made everything from ambient drone arrangements to bumping tech-house tracks. And though Duke

generally tends to put the "I" before the "DM," much of his music would find a welcome audience on the dance floor of some all-night party in a derelict factory.

For *Consumer vs. User*, however, Duke seems to have led us into the still-active electronics manufacturing plant next door to said all-nighter. We can still hear the muffled bass through the walls, but the snare drums have been replaced by hydraulic spurts and the high-hats with electronic sizzles. Tracks like "Raven" march on with a perseverance only factory machinery could maintain. With the exception of some delayed treble loops echoing through the open skylight from next door, most of the songs' melodies are made up, not of different notes, but of variations in sound texture.

The album sits on the border between IDM and ambient, and

so it shouldn't be surprising that there are few to no hooks throughout. But what Duke's latest cut lacks in catchiness, it makes up for in its evocation of a cold yet fascinatingly intricate landscape. This is definitely not your summer barbecue soundtrack, but it makes for a fantastic listen at 3AM on your basement surround sound system.

Peter C.

Various Artists

Big Star, Small World: A Tribute to the Music of Big Star
(Koch)

Think back to 1998. Put yourself right in that time. Doing it? Okay, good. Then this is a decent little tribute that fans of Big Star or of any of the contributing bands should enjoy.

Now fast-forward back to the

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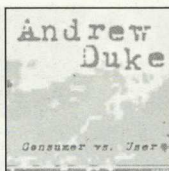
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The Godlings: Spacehunter's Perfect Interior



Majove 3: Puzzles Like You



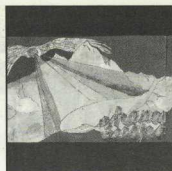
Andrew Duke: Consumer vs. User



Various Artists - Big Star, Small World: A Tribute to the Music of Big Star



Pony Up! - Make Love To The Judges With Your Eyes



Shapes and Sizes - Self Titled



Six Organs of Admittance - The Sun Awakens



The Blank-Its - Happy Accidents

present day, and think about just how much you care about Matthew Sweet performing a pretty faithful cover of "Ballad of El Guodo." Therein lies the problem with *Big Star, Small World*. For one reason or another it was shelved for eight years, and time has unfortunately taken its toll on most of the world's enthusiasm for hearing The Afghan Whigs make their way through "Nighttime."

It's not that any of the record's covers are bad. In fact, some of them are splendid. The aforementioned Afghan Whigs track is nothing to scoff at, and Wilco's cover of "Thirteen" is almost an improvement on the original. It's a tale of adolescent love dressed up with some tasteful slide guitar and filtered through Jeff Tweedy's gravelly croon. But there are two things that make tribute albums interesting. One is when the contributing bands take the songs of another artist and make them their own, and the other is the curiosity that's attached to hearing some of your favorite bands of today take a stab at the songs of one of your favorite bands of yesterday.

Wilco, of course, are still relevant, and there's probably quite a few people out there whose interest is piqued by the prospect of *Teenage Fanclub* or The Posies paying tribute to one of their main influences. But the number of people dying to hear Juliana Hatfield singing "Don't Lie to Me" probably isn't very big.

As for bands adapting Big Star's songs to their own sound, the differences between covers and originals here are pretty minimal, although Whiskeytown and Kelly Hogan do add a little twang into the mix. No one is setting out to reinvent any of these classic tunes, and maybe that's not entirely bad; by being fairly faithful to the originals, there at least isn't anything offensive in the bunch. Unfortunately, there isn't a whole lot that stands on its own two feet as memorable either.

Quinn Omori

Pony Up!
Make Love to the Judges With Your Eyes
(Dim Mak)

Pony Up! put together a self-titled album a while back. It

really felt a lot more like an EP. It was cute, lacked funding, and was only seven songs long. "Shut Up and Kiss Me" shone as the standout track on the album. It was poppy and frustrated, a song about less talk and more make-outs. It was probably the song responsible for the existence of the second album that I am listening to right now. Between these two albums the band may have lost a member to Sunset Rubdown, but the loss doesn't seem to have hurt them in the slightest.

These Montreal girls' sophomore release gets off to a slow start with "Dance with Me," in which sometimes lead singer Laura Wills sings a sad song of temptation. The lyrics, some of which are taken directly from famed Victorian bawdy novel *Fanny Hill* or *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, provide a level of sexuality that is undercut by the lamenting nature of the song's tune, slowly building and echoing despair. This unusual start, perhaps better suited for somewhere in the middle of an album, is quickly forgotten by the next song, "The Truth about Cats and Dogs (Is That They Die)." This song is a solid hit that will secure these girls a place in people's minds. The catchy and playful interplay between Wills' keyboarding and Sarah Moudroukas' guitar work is expository and works to maximum effect, bringing Moudroukas' voice out on this track. Combined with the urgent drumming and well-timed backup vocals from the rest of the band, this song is easily the best on the album.

To a lesser degree this dynamic continues throughout the album, as with each song they weave a new melancholy melody around the words of Moudroukas or Wills. For those seeking a fresh sound in the indie rock scene, this album is highly recommended. There's a lot of raw talent here that just needs to be refined, which leaves me greatly anticipating their next release. Stay gold Ponygirls, stay gold.

Jordie Sparkle

Shapes and Sizes
Self-Titled
(Asthmatic Kitty)

I was curious to hear this album, since it's not often that

one first hears of a local band from the site of a Wyoming record label. Shapes and Sizes seem to be getting a lot of buzz for signing to Asthmatic Kitty, a label with a resume of names like Sufjan Stevens, Half-Handed Cloud and Castanets. This roster would humble any band asked to join, not to mention a band just releasing their first album.

The ten-track self-titled album features such musical oddities as whistling, ukelele, lap steel and fugalhorn. The lyrics are distinctive and bizarre, sung by three different vocalists. While I found it an interesting album, with skillful lyrics and unique use of instruments, interesting does not always equal entertaining or enjoyable for an entire album. Overall I found the album to be somewhat disjointed, including within the songs themselves. I also found some of the vocals and guitar parts to be quite harsh at times.

The first track, "Islands Gone Bad," starts out promising but enters a somewhat sour chorus with high-pitched female vocals and yelping males. I would like this album a lot more if they toned down the extremity of the vocals. I did, however, enjoy the girls' pop-esque background vocals on "Northern Lights," which softened the song up.

While I enjoy elements of this album, the band has a lot of room to grow. I guess a side-effect of having your first album released on a prominent indie label is that a lot of people are going to hear the first thing you ever put out.

Melanie Coles

Peaches
Impeach My Bush
(IXL Recordings)

Easily the most mainstream-sounding of her recordings, Peaches' third full-length studio album combines palatable electroclash and the trademark raw sexuality we've come to love from Ms. Nisker. Peaches' explicitness has always been political because of its lack of subtlety. *Impeach My Bush* is a logical progression.

"Fuck or Kill," the album's first track, pits the rhyme "I'd rather fuck who I want than kill who I am told to" against a dirty beat that sets the thematic tone for the album, championing sexual expression (nothing

surprising here) over military oppression. Musically, "Fuck or Kill" is *Impeach My Bush*'s most pared-down song, while the rest of the album feels more intricate. A rich sound binds the clever lyricism ("clubs for bravin', flags for wavin'...walls for scalin', temples for wavin'...) and the sugary bassline of "Downtown"—a tune about giving Peaches what she wants, downtown. This transitions well into "Two Guys (For Every Girl)," a joint call from The Gossyp's Beth Ditto and Peaches for more guy-on-guy-on-guy action, an acknowledgement that will surely please a hitherto ignored sexual demographic. "Do Ya," "Giver," and "Boys Wanna Be Her" exhibit the most punk influence, and are grounded by satisfyingly bare guitar hooks. "Rock the Shocker" unveils a new sex act, so listen carefully.

Impeach My Bush doesn't meander far from Peaches' classic blitzy and could have done a better job living up to its title. But it's still smart, and it still sounds good. Pretty hot, I say.

Alison Benjamin

Six Organs of Admittance
The Sun Awakens
(Drag City)

So this fruit salad I made has been chillin' in the refrigerated section of my home for about a week. I thawed it out today and found that the individual fruits had reorganized their fruitiness into a world of hybrids: one uniformly oxidized bowlful of apple-peach-plumness that tasted not unlike fruit.

However, this bowl of stillmildude had developed flavors that only come from the complete immersion in the influences of other fruit. This is not unlike most everything that comes tagged Six Organs of Admittance. Each album is essentially a fruit salad of excellent influences, but the proportions differ slightly from record to record. Thanks to the rise of, and I shudder to use the term, "freak folk," many of these influences have reached pandemic status among anyone within arm's length of an acoustic guitar. But also thanks to Chasny's touchstone status in the current (worthwhile) musical world, the influence of his work with Comets on Fire and Current 93's David Tibet comes

through like crystal. To drag out this fruity simile to unnecessary lengths, I'll say that Chasny's infusion of swirling electronics and eastern mysticism adds the lemon juice to the mixture, preventing the indifferently boring brown colour that can result without a little acid (so to speak).

So while nothing is exactly new per se, there is room for a new permutation to stand alone. Ben Chasny's latest offering *The Sun Awakens* gives a greater nod to Sufism and finds fewer sounds leaving Chasny's mouth than last year's *School of the Flower*. On the scheme of Chasny's work the new one sits comfortably between the accessibility of *School of the Flower* and 2004's *The Manifestation*, an album drenched in psychedelic mysticism.

With the exception of the 20-plus minute length of the drone-filled final track, "River of Transfiguration," the 7 tracks settle between the 2 and 5 minute mark, and left me less than satisfied. The recording has the same super-slickness of *School* and gives an overtly cinematic quality to a few tracks. "The Deser is a Circle" side-steps the eastern influence found in the other songs, giving a tip o' the hat to the best spaghetti that Ennio Morricone can offer. If I may align Morricone with Sergio Leone, then Chasny may be found closer to Jodowsky.

An enjoyable listen, no doubt. Just a bit of a theme destroyer. All the sounds found on the album are good sounds, rest assured, but there isn't anything here that makes this album stand out from the rest of the Six Organs discography. Although, if this year's musical releases are anything like the last you'll be seeing this album on more than a few "best of" lists, much like *School of the Flower* was smattered about last time 'round. On a track-by-track basis *The Sun Awakens* is a more interesting album, but unfortunately nothing is gained or feels particularly binding in their proximity on the same release.

On the scheme of fruit salads perhaps this is one that hasn't sat for long enough. Each component is a fine upstanding component yes, but lacking the thematic ties that are needed for an album to rise above into the clouds of greatness.

Caroline Walker

The Blank-Its
Happy Accidents
(Empty Records)

Seattle's answer to the perfect marriage of The Spits' spunky punk and The A-Frames' dark wave is this threesome and their nine-song debut disc. Listening to tunes like "Johnny's Tongue" and "Road Rage" feels like an aural car wreck, with swerving bass lines, jabbing guitar and frenzied drumming. But there are bright lights at the end of the tunnel in "Puppy Love" that sound like The Buzzcocks' tour van crashing into Alien Sex Fiend's jam space, and "Hit Me" drives you head-on into its wall of distortion and Wire-inflated punk intensity. You can't sit through this entire record unless pain medication is at your side or you've had a few stiff drinks to numb your senses suitably enough for this happy accident to take place. It's a big, bad beautiful mess and just like a car crash, you won't be able to look or listen away for too long.

Bruce Dunn

REAL LIVE ACTION

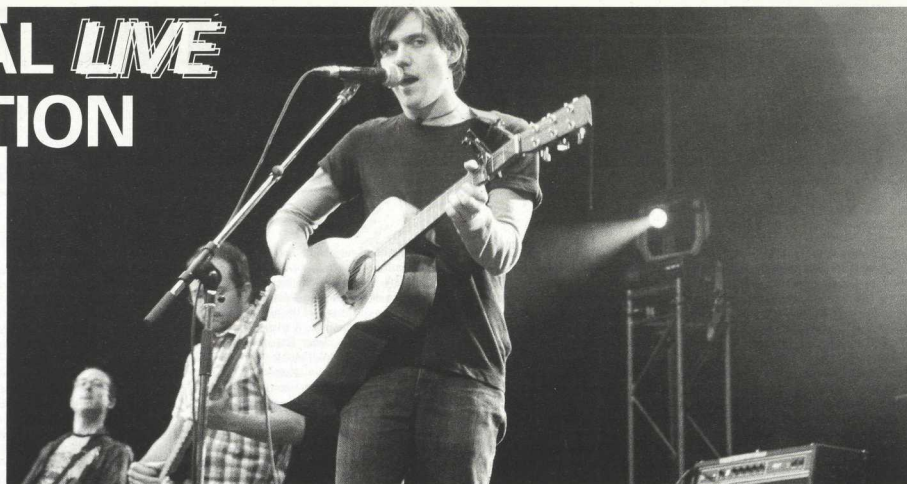
The Boy Least Likely To
The Bicycles
May 30
The Plaza

Twice as fuck. Toronto opens The Bicycles looked like they were part of a cheer-leading team from the 1950s, as they wore t-shirts emblazoned with a giant "B." It was very appropriate for their sunny sugar-sweet pop. Their sunny harmonies were reminiscent of The Archies' "Sugar Sugar" with two males taking turns on singing lead; maybe there was a stash of helium in the back, as both of their voices were sky high. The female drummer had a chance to show off her voice during a slow-sounding 60s pop number. It was hard to pinpoint their style as the songs ranged from rockability to straight pop, but all had upbeat choppy chords and creative hand claps to keep the good mood going.

For The Boy Least Likely To's first headlining North American tour date, the duo expanded into a group of six on stage, playing a multitude of instruments including a recorder and glockenspiel. They were excited to be there, and kicked things off with their current single "Hugging My Grudge." There was lots of foot stomping and fist pumping from lead singer Jof Owen and instrumental Peter Hobbs. They ran through pretty much the entirety of *The Best Party Ever*, and the songs sounded stronger and much fuller live. Too bad the sound system allowed for some feedback.

In high spirits, Owen happily chit-chatted throughout the night, introducing each song with quips like, "This song is about sex...slugs having sex." The band even indulged in a brief Q&A period. Questions included, "Are you two married?" to which they replied, "No, we're just friends." Another question probed Owen's relation to Michael J. Fox.

Set highlights included the bouncy and poppy "I'm Glad I Hitched My Apple Wagon to Your Star" and the heavy, chant-like "Monsters." A sweet surprise was the addition of a tender PG-version of George Michael's "Faith" that had the crowd singing backup. The surprises didn't end there, as machines sent a blizzard of bubbles to engulf the crowd during the poppy "Be Gentle with Me." A



Bright Eyes at The Malkin Bowl

Photo by Kimberley Day

glockenspiel never sounded so good before tonight.
Emily Khong

Bright Eyes
June 4
Malkin Bowl

"Some sad singers, they just play tragic." That line from "Lover, I Don't Have to Love" was a pretty good summation of my assessment of Conor Oberst before the release of *I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning*. I always found the "emotion" channeled into the Bright Eyes frontman's vocals irksome on earlier releases, and some of his best songs were buried under messy instrumentation. His latest, however, is a tastefully performed, classic-sounding American singer-songwriter record. With that in mind, it was with mild trepidation that I made my way into the heart of Stanley Park to a show advertised as Conor and his band "performing songs from the entire Bright Eyes catalogue." Happily, the restraint evident on the recent record also lent itself to a live setting, on songs new and old.

The show may have indeed featured music picked from the entirety of the very large Bright Eyes canon, but it was characterized by that same classic sound that drips from the grooves of his latest long-player. Backed by a band that featured Aure Ray's Maria Taylor on drums, the evening was dominated by the hum of fiddle and slide guitar. They were tight and professional, but loose enough to avoid sounding too polished or stiff. "Train Under Water" swung like an outtake from The Band, while older

tunes like "Laura Laurent" were given a twangy kick in the ass. Oberst was (thankfully) sober, and sounded great; he was focused but amiable, and easily shrugged off the intermittent screams of "Conor, I love you!" Much to the joy of those intent on letting their adoration be known, he even jettisoned the band at two different points in the evening for a pair of solo performances that were among the night's highlights.

"First Day of My Life"—which is already cute enough to melt the iciest heart—was the perfect soundtrack to someone's teenaged first kiss, stripped back to guitar and vocals (he after all). And, while the song selection was a tad obvious, I don't know of a better way to ring in summer in Vancouver than sitting outdoors and listening to the encore opening performance of "June on the West Coast."

The show closed with the one-two punch of "Lover, I Don't Have to Love," followed by "An Attempt to Tip the Scales." The former was given some new life by Nate Wilcot's trumpet lines blaring out in place of the thick strings on the original, with the latter bringing things back down to earth before the band said its goodbyes.

Those "next Dylan" comparisons are still a little laughable, but if this show was any indication, Conor's growth as a musician means he's getting a raw deal from any remaining detractors.

Quinn Omari

Sex Negative
June 6
Granville Island Underground

Parking Lot

Sex Negative has two golden rules: 1) No practicing allowed, and 2) Only play in parking lots. They performed on a Tuesday night—fittingly underground—on the bottom level of the parkade underneath Emily Carr, a school that two-thirds of them attend. Next week they embark on their first tour down the Oregon coast, performing in whatever parking garages suit them.

Heading to the show knowing little (ok, nothing) about "noise" music, I was expecting at worst that the performance would be 'about the music.' I was pleasantly surprised, as it proved to be a totally entertaining and wonderfully visual event.

Demonstrating my noise-music unawareness, I didn't notice that the opening act had started until about five minutes into his solo-set. I was quite convinced he was just doing a really lengthy sound check, and having technical difficulties.

Then Sex Negative quickly assembled themselves between a modest crowd and the equipment: black PA (right), a woody air-organ that they acquired for free (left), and a white drum kit (center). The art-school trio dressed in complementary-coloured shirts: one purple-maroon and the other acid yellow. It looked fabulously staged; awkward but confident.

The band started off with little noises; Keith's ghostly wails sounding simultaneously cutesy and spooky, amplified by a few feet of some aluminum. Things inevitably got harder and faster. A round of endearingly futile attempts to shove the little mic into the PA, the air organ and

any other equipment ensued. An impotent rage was apparent as the drums got harder and the guitar seared our ears in the relentless echo of the cool concrete parking lot. Vocals escalated into yowls, as plugs and cords were thrust in and out of their inputs. Keith started to smash the aluminum tube flat, between tippy-toe dancing and beating up the helpless woody organ. When the high-hat came apart and the mic was broken through and through, Keith wandered off stage left, lit a smoke, and the set was over. Everybody clapped.

Robyn Croft

The Apes
Liars
June 9
Richard's On Richards

With a final nip from my flask I headed through the Richard's doors, where the bouncers were shaking the place down like it was an LA high school. Blinking in the dim and din, I paused to get my bearings, asking around to determine if the band on stage was The Rabbits or The Apes. "Oh, it's Rabbits," I was assured. "This shit is okay, but it gets boring fast. I'm waiting for Apes to go on—they're gonna slay." Drawn by the psychedelic wash of the keyboards and the autistic fervor of the man in the knit headband and vest on the drums, I made my way closer to the stage, unswayed by prophecies of suck.

At first I was skeptical. The distorted guitar kept straying into funky territory, and I couldn't shake visions of Tom Morello jiving around in a

"Commie" hat. The vocals were of the chanted manifesto variety, but rarely stood out over the rest of the mayhem. Leaning over to an enraptured concert-goer between songs, I again inquired to see who the band was. "Dude, it's The Apes." Just as the revelation sank in, a wall of bass from the next song set my chest to throbbing and my foot to stomping, and I closed my eyes. Feeling like the inevitable wastoid at every rave that spends the entire night bled out in front of the speakers, I swayed to and fro with a dopey grin, savouring the distortion and rhythmic beatdown. The set ended to the roar of fickle fans praising the genius of The Apes; now that they weren't The Rabbits, their middle-of-the-road cacophony got the official sanction.

With extra drums and effects pedals strewn about the stage, Liars launched into a crowd-eciating set led by the towering pillar of Angus Andrew. Having recently read David Byrne's review of a Sunn O))) show, I was hoping to see another rendition of noise music as modern theatre, but I was a little disappointed. Angus did some nice circular hip-thrusting and Lanky Kong-style arm flails, but it could have been more sinister. The music, though, was full of menace. With an effects-heavy floor tom skillfully re-creating the unique rhythms of *Drum's Not Dead*, Angus' dissonant guitar work filled the room with an evil air. If you allowed yourself to be swept up in the glorious mess, their set was utterly captivating, a short relief from the burden of consciousness.

David Ravensbergen

CITR CHARTS!

Strictly the dopest hits of June

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	Vancouver*	Losin' It!	Scratch
2	Leather Uppers*	Bright Lights	Goner
3	Ladyhawk*	Ladyhawk	Jagisaguar/ Storyboard
4	Sparrow*	The New Pastoral	Independent
5	The Weather*	Stolen Billions	Independent
6	Camera Obscura	Let's Get Out Of This Country	Merge
7	The Nymphs*	Pro-Fucking-Motional	Independent
8	Sonic Youth	Rather Ripped	Geffen
9	Screaming Eagles*	Enemy Gold	Screaming Eagles
10	Building Castles Out Of Matchsticks*	The Secret Doctrine	Worthy
11	The Coachwhips	Double Death	Narnack
12	Pony Up!	Make Love To The Judges With Your Eyes	Dim Mak
13	Mecca Normal*	The Observer	Kill Rock Stars
14	Tokyo Police Club*	A Lesson In Crime	Paper Bag
15	Run Chico Run*	Slow Action	Boomer
16	12 Year Old Girl*	Swampmonster	Independent
17	Loscil*	Plume	Kranky
18	Experimental Dental School	2 1/2 Creatures	Cochon
19	The Wailin' Jennys*	Firecracker	Jericho Beach
20	Epsilons	Epsilons	Retard Disco
21	The Matadors*	Horrorbilly 9000	Stereo Dynamite
22	Matmos	The Rose Has Teeth In The Mouth Of The Beast	Matador
23	Cadence Weapon*	Breaking Kayfabe	Upper Class
24	The Futureheads	News And Tributes	679/Warner
25	The D'Urbervilles*	The D'Urbervilles EP	Independent

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the past month. Reklids with stars (*) mean they come from the great land of ours. Most of these can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em, go to the Mark Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Lake. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to find out. To find out other great camps/community radio charts check out www.enslone.com or online.com

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
26	Feist*	Open Season	Arts & Crafts
27	Wyrd Visions*	Half-Eaten Guitars	Bluefog
28	Raconteurs	Broken Boy Soldiers	Big Dada
29	Mission Of Burma	The Obliterati	Matador
30	Various	Radio Thailand: Transmissions From The Tropical Kingdom	Sublime Frequencies
31	Kinaya Dawson	Remember That I Love You	K
32	Fiery Furnaces	Bitter Tea	Fat Possum
33	Dabrye	Two/Three	Ghostly International
34	Kinnie Starr*	Anything	Maple Music
35	Be Your Own Pet	Be Your Own Pet	Ecstatic Peace
36	The Ka-Nives	Get Duped	Independent
37	Killa	Heartcore	Say Hey
38	Calexico	Garden Ruin	Quarterstick
39	Feathers	Feathers	Gnomonsong
40	The Pointed Sticks*	Waiting For The Real Thing	Sudden Death
41	The Doers*	Whatcha Doin'?	Red Cat
42	The Cops	Red Cat	Mt. Fuji
43	Dragonforce	Inhuman Rampage	Noise
44	Om	Conference Of The Birds	Warner
45	FCS North	Holy Mountain	Mass Mymnt
46	Rose Melberg	Cast Away The Clouds	Double Agent
47	The Creeping Nobodies*	Double Agent	Bloodworks
48	Neil Young*	Living With War	Reprise
49	They Shoot Horses Don't They!*	Boo Hoo Hoo Boo	Kill Rock Stars
50	Coldcut	Sound Mirrors	Ninja Tune

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CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

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	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	HIGHBRED VOICES	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	SHOOKSHOOKTA						
10am			THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	FILL-IN	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am	AFROBEAT	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	MORNING AFTER SHOW				
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	FILL-IN	ANOIZE	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm		PARTS UNKNOWN		FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
2pm			REAL TO REAL	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	CONCEPTION RADIO	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPZ	WENER'S BBQ	NECESSARY VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
5pm		W.L.N.G.S.			PEDAL REVOLUTION		OUR WAVE
6pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE DREAMS	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	FILL-IN	SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY	SHADOW JUGGLERS
7pm		COMMON PRACTICE		BLUE MONDAY			
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASO	SALARIO MINIMO	JUICEBOX	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
9pm							
10pm	TRANCENDANCE	THE JAZZ SHOW	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	CAUGHT IN THE RED	FOLK OASIS	PLANET LOVETRON	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
11pm							
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	LAUGH TRACKS	IN THE SHADOWS	
1am					THE SATELLITE INVESTIGATIONS	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	
2am	BBC	BBC	AURAL TENTACLES	BBC	BBC	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)
SHOOKSHOOK (World)

AFROBEAT (World)
In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world: my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora. Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.
<myafrobeat@yahoo.com>

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish,

British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

QUEER FM (Talk)
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhangras, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCENDANCE (Dance)
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.
<trancendance@hotmail.com>

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Edictic)
Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Edictic)
A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)
Hosted by David B.
PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)
Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/MIATT & DAVE (Edictic)
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey

Houston, The Novaks and more.
NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

W.L.N.G.S. (Talk)
Womens International News Gathering Service.
SON OF NITE DREAMS (Edictic)
UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)
Vancouver's longest running primetime jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker.
July 3: Tonight we celebrate the birthday of one of the most individual voices of the trumpet,

Johnny Coles. "Little Johnny C" played with everyone but made few recordings on his own. This is a good one that has an all-star cast. "Little Johnny C" tonight.
July 10: Another Birthday and a live performance as well.

Recorded on July 10 1970 at "The Lighthouse." Trumpet Great Lee Morgan and his last great band cook and burn with fire and intensity in a not to be missed feature.
July 17: A once in a lifetime meeting with the Modern Jazz Quartet (John Lewis, Piano, Milt Jackson, vibes, Percy Heath, bass, Connie Kay, drums) and that most distinctive voice of the alto saxophone, Paul Desmond. A perfect blend of music recorded in concert in New York.

July 24: Another birthday by one of the living legends of the alto saxophone and one of the true keepers of the concepts of Charlie Parker. Charles McPherson

appears on a definitive recording tonight in honour of his 67th birthday. "Today's Man" is what Charles is all about.

July 31: Kenny Burrell is 75 today and one of the true masters of the guitar. Burrell's most artistic recording is tonight's feature. Small group tunes and then five selections accompanied by Gil Evans' arrangements and large orchestra and topping off with a solo guitar piece. "Guitar Forms" is Kenny's masterpiece.

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)

All the best of the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)

TUESDAY



THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourage that is Rock and Roll! Deader than the most dangerous criminal

<borninstxtynine@hotmail.com>

MORNING AFTER SLOW (Electronic)

Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)

En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le m  tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)

Up the puns, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, y'no. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Electronic)

AURAL TENTACLES (Electronic) It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Electronic)

ANNOZE (Noise) Luke Mead irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

MOTORDADDY (Rock)

Cycle-riffic rawk and roll!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Electronic)

First Wednesday of every month.

BLUE MONDAY (Goth/Industrial)

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

JUICEBOX (Talk)

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alex will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

<www.juiceboxradio.com>

FOLK OASIS (Roots)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? 'Cmon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Electronic)

SWEET N' HOT (Jazz)

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Electronic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

RYTHMES & REASONS (Hip Hop)

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, underexposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

<myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca>

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

THE SATELLITE INVESTIGATIONS (Electronic)

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Electronic)

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)

Email requests to: djska_1@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Electronic)

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS (Nardwuar)

NEWS 101 (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

THE CANADIAN WAY (Electronic)

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montr  al!

<thecanadianway@popstar.com>

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the

best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

<www.africanrhythmsradio.com>

PLANET LOVETRON (Dance/Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkship

<robertrobot@gmail.com>

IN THE SHADOWS (Hip Hop)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Electronic)

Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANIMILATION (Park)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

<www.streetpunkradio.com>

<crashburnradio@yahoo.ca>

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwaan, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimlunge & Biv on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic)

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop)



Mu Science Project by Julia Boughner & Caroline Walker

Science regularly moves in and out of the hot seat of public concern about various issues, such as genetic engineering or stem cell research. That groundbreaking science impacts our world is not new (i.e., Newton's Theory of Gravity, or Darwin's Theory of Natural Selection are but two of many). However, the pace of discovery is increasingly specialized, as well as more interdisciplinary, and with this brings complex data, new concepts and more jargon. These trends make it challenging for researchers, not to mention non-scientists, to keep abreast and properly informed of scientific advances and their implications for us all.

Enter current UBC Life Sciences Postdoctoral Fellow, Julia Boughner, your host of "My Science Project." The mission of this bi-monthly show about science and technology is to haul research from the ivory tower and thrust it onto the airwaves in plain language (and set to groovy music, natch). There are many popular science TV and radio shows out there, but very few alternatives to the more traditional science forums. "My Science Project" aims to fill this niche. Julia is keenly aware that scientific research is in many ways indivisible from the culture of the day, and the show addresses the socio-cultural implications—including money and politics—around sci and tech discoveries.

Ultimately, most Canadian science is funded by our federal and provincial governments; i.e. YOU. So it behooves Canadians to know the research being funded (or what science should be funded but isn't). "My Science Project" regularly features one or two "hot" science topics and science news, both domestic and worldwide. Past shows have included segments on science funding, Peak Oil, "superbugs," the

Ingnoble Awards, and ageing. A soon-to-be broadcast show will explore the status of what are considered by many to be the "slave labour" of the lab, aka postdocs (but not as slavish as grad students, mind).

That "My Science Project" is hosted by a woman is significant, as female scientists remain under-represented, for an array of reasons. As a primer to this, check out the Vancouver-based Society for Canadian Women in Science and Technology (www.harbour.sfu.ca/scwist). Fellow UBC postdoc (and woman!) Anne Mullin is a frequent co-host of "My Science Project." Anne and Julia also co-organize Vancouver's Caf   Scientifique, an open forum for scientific discussion in a relaxed setting. These monthly evening talks (where PowerPoint is verboten) feature speakers and topics on everything from climate change to the wonders of our cellular machinery. The party goes down at the Railway Club; check out www.cafesci-van.com for more info.

Above all else, science is just plain fun. A recent contest run on "My Science Project" asked listeners to send in science poetry to win Science World OmniMax film passes. The response was disappointing (entries were very much skewed to the hosts' friends and family, shock-horror!). So does this mean that people aren't listening? Nope. When Julia found herself with awesome prizes in need of winners, she and Anne changed the requirements from "send in a science poem" to "phone in with your best monkey call." Within 5 minutes of asking callers to proclaim allegiance to our closest genetic relatives the board lit up and several sets of passes were snatched up! Julia is not quite sure what to make of this, but perhaps our monkey callers will be pleased to know that an upcoming show will focus on the extinction of the great apes.



FOND OF TIGERS DARK BLUE WORLD

DUAL CD RELEASE SHOW! - THE MEDIA CLUB - 695 CAMBIE
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w/guests CARSIK

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BRIGHTBLACK MORNING LIGHT s/t CD

The debut recording on hipster Matador Records, this backwoods folksy beauty is unlike any record in the shop. **Brightblack's** meditations on Rhodes and deep bass mixed with delicate angelic vocals have a near hypnotic quality as they seduce one out into their dense and dark sonic wilderness! They hang with **Banhart**, **Coco Rosie**, and **Joanna Newsome** in a Northern California teepee waiting for their spirit animal to boogie — isn't it time yours does?

CD 16.98

METALLIC FALCONS Desert Doughnuts CD

Contrary to popular belief **Metallic Falcons** is not the code word to get you into the after craft party. In fact, **Metallic Falcons** is the debut recordings from **Coco Rosie's Sierra Cassidy** and **Matthias Bain of Voodoo Eros**.

Described as soft metal, **M.F.'s** are the first indications that perhaps "freak-folk" is mutating into a new era of metal machine music inspired ambient blessed out opera! Face it, everyone goes electric at sometime and within the first listen of these 14 spectral anthems, you too will be ready to ride the lightning! This is very good.

CD 16.98

EL PERRO DEL MAR s/t CD

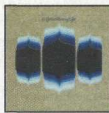
A charming debut that made the midnight music bloggers pass on hot dates to tell us all about the new talents of **Sarah Asbring**. Combining doo-wop girl group sounds, sweet '50s vocal pop, and '60s innocent lullabies, these ecstatic la-la-las and ooh-ooh-ooh's make for an album that one can warm up to instantly. Lyrically the record is a slow descent into loneliness and heartbreak, so if you do hook up with this debutante be sure you will never leave your house again! Magnificent!

CD 16.98

THE PAPER CHASE Now You Are None of Us CD

Kill Rock Stars has a reputation for great releases that blend art, punk and politics. Well now you have a new debut to file next to your **Deerhoof** and **Gossip**! Pitchforkmedia called these guys breath-punk and really they pulled it: arty songs with high drama that pierces the heart of the matter while rupturing the aesthetics of their form. This is a band to watch for years to come!

CD 16.98



ANEMONES EP CD

I bet! A 5 song debut from one of Vancouver's most promising new faces. Known for their mellow space-psych jams with minimal percussion, **Anemones** offer a sweet morning after come down sound that draws upon elements of **Spaceism 3**, **Velvet Underground**, **Can** and vocally the forlorn style of **Skip Spence**. Like their name suggests, **Anemones** is music for sitting on a rock on the bottom of the ocean cos the world above is full of chaos. Way to go guys.

EP CD 6.98

FOND OF TIGERS A Thing to Live With CD

The debut release for this local jazz super group that features our city's leading free players including **Stephen Lyons**, **JP Carter**, **Skye Brooks**, **Jesse Zubot** and more. A must listen for those fond of prog-rock freak outs, pastoral new music, back-porch picking, wonky jazz, hardcore multi-metal, and ambient drones. As described, this kaleidoscopic sonic wonder, pushes the limits of sound proving that to get free...one can ultimately go further! Awesome.

CD 16.98

BEIRUT Gulag Orkestra CD

Beirut is actually from Brooklyn, but they are signed to Memphis Industries. The guy in the band is just a teenager and has his whole career ahead of him, but hey, if this is anything like the guy in **Neutral Milk Hotel** (whom **Beirut** is oft compared to) they may just call it quits soon, as really, when you make something so beautiful as **Beirut** — why do on? But we beg you to go on! A must listen for those into enchanting records, smart indie rock records, or just plain strange records! Bravo.

CD 16.98



SOUND TEAM Movie Monster CD

Everybody knows that Austin, Texas has one heck of a music scene, and this **Sound Team** debut is just the latest in a long list of great bands that are not afraid to rock the house. Turn up this kick ass sextet and you will hear their complex mix of **Spoon**, **Interpol**, **The New Pornographers**, **Dinosaur Jr**, **Sonic Youth** and even **Bloody Valentine**. Conventional wisdom would tell you that any band who can synthesize all those sounds without sounding like a rip-off must be pretty amazing. **Movie Monster** is just that!

CD 16.98



SUFJAN STEVENS Avalanches CD

You only get one first impression, but for **Sufjan** we implore you make this exception! The little secret behind **Stevens**, acclaimed "Illinois" is that it was originally conceived as a double album, culminating in a musical collage of nearly 50 songs. But as the project began to develop into an unwieldy epic, common sense weighed in as did the opinions of others and the project was cut in half. But as 2005 came to a close, **Sufjan** returned to the remaining songs on his 8-track. What he uncovered went beyond the merits of nostalgia. **Sufjan** gleaned 21 tracks from remaining material; some songs were in finished form, while others were merely outlines. Most of the material required substantial editing, new arrangements or vocals, and much of the work was done at the end of 2005 or in January the following year. As the title song "The Avalanches" bemuses, "I call you once my friends," **Sufjan** took in the odd musical misfits and gathered them together like a party of good friends. Available July 11th.

CD 16.98



SHAPES AND SIZES s/t CD

Racing the cover of last month's **Discorder**, Victoria's hot-shots **Shapes and Sizes** now make their debut available on **Asthmatic Kitty!** Placing smart, catchy pop hooks beside chaotic experimentation, slower, more melancholy songs, and even flirting with straight up rock, the quartet juggles contrasting moods with veteran like ease. Quirky, jerky and full of spunk, **Shapes and Sizes** are an amusing listen in today's ennui simulacra sonic landscape — we salute them! Available July 11th

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Ray Davies
Commodore
Get your legendary Kinks!
Thurs. July 13th
They Shoot Horses, Don't They?
Richards on Richards
Local art rockers.

Fri. July 14th
Reverend Horton Heat
Commodore
Turn up the rockabilly heat.

Tues. July 18th
Warped Tour
T-Bird Arena
All day Mohawks!

Sat. July 22nd
Nicolai Dungen
Media Club

An intimate evening of folk-blues from Sweden.

Mon. July 24th
Camera Obscura
Plaza Club
Glasgow's latest twee pop sensations!

Tues. July 25th
Broken Social
Sens/Sam Roberts
Deer Lake Park
Music outdoors, love outdoors.

Wed. July 26th
The Raconteurs
Malik Bower
Your weekend with Jack White's lost weekend.

Sun. July 30th
Magnolia Electric Co.
Richards on Richards
Crazy Horse lovin', Molina rides in to town!

Sun. July 30th
Buzcocks
Red Room
A different kind of tension!

Sun. July 30th
Six Organs of Admittance
Media Club
The best psych-folk-rock going!

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